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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Cook and Housewife's Manual; containing the most approved modern Receipts for making Soups, Sauces, Ragouts, Pies, Puddings, &c. &c. By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's. 12mo. pp. 366. Edinburgh, 1826. Bell and Bradfute, and Oliver and Boyd.

[The argumentum ad ventrem being the most important thing in life, we offer no apology for giving this affair of the Table-cloth precedence on our sheet.]

WONDERS (says the adage) will never cease. Who upon the face of the earth could ever have expected a Cookery Book from Scotland? who could have surmised that the modern Athens, famous only, in spite of its name, for the Black (sheep's head) Broth of Sparta, would have ventured to send forth instructions to the world on the elegant and exquisite science of gastronomy!!

The amazement excited in the southern parts of Britain, and throughout the most civilised districts of the Continent of Europe, by this, apparently most impudent and nugatory attempt, has been so excessive, that we (partaking of the general astonishment) have been several months before we could recover ourselves so far as to turn to the volume with the purpose of examining it. At length, having taken due precautions to prevent sickness, by medicating and bracing for several days, and using the warm salt-water bath in moderation, (drinking, every second morning, a tumbler-full of the sea, in a luke-warm temperament,) we have mustered resolution to enter upon this perilous public duty; and we trust that our readers will duly appreciate and reward our devotedness to them, when they see how much we are willing to undergo, in discharge of the functions of our office for their service.

Until the period of the Waverley Novels, which have tended to give an entirely fictitious view of the manners, customs, and cookery of the northern portion of our island, the firm belief of England, founded on all authentic ancient records and histories, was, that the only food known to Scotland consisted—

1. Of meats,—sheep's head singed, Scotch collops;
2. Of soups,—barley broth, hog's-podge, kail brose;
3. Of fowls,—cock-a-leeky, moorfool;
4. Of fish,—scate-broo, parren-pie, Fimman-haddock, herrings;
5. Of puddings,—hasty, alias oatmeal porridge;
6. Of made dishes,—haggis;
7. Of cheese,—Dunlop;
8. Of bread,—lannocks;
9. Of fruits,—none, except an occasional berry, resembling the strawberry of the south; but called, at Roslin, the only place where it is found, strawberry, on account of its extreme scarcity;
10. Liqueurs,—whisky or mountain dew, hot-pint:

and, indeed, that of these condiments, several were so rare as never to have been heard of beyond the erudite circle of persons whose particular inquiries had furnished them with intelligence of their actual existence. The Waverley Novels, as we have remarked, by mentioning other dishes, as if they were com-

mon in the country, seems to have paved the way for the present bold attempt upon the credulity and gullibility of John Bull. Borrowing without remorse from Glasse, Kitchenier, the Almanach des Gourmands, and other high authorities, the compiler of this work has got up a set of receipts, just as good as those in the best writers who have written from experience, and apparently as fit to be tried and practised in the kitchen. It is really surprising, considering the absolute ignorance of the materials themselves in which she must have been steeped, into how few extravagant blunders she has fallen. She speaks as glibly of sirloins, and marrow-bones, and even of turtle-soup, as if she had seen these wonderful productions of nature: but to shew that it must have been mere copying, and not an original work, we need only notice that she makes no mention of indigenous productions, such as ices, snows, and other delicacies, which we procure by artificial means, but which are so prevalent in Scotland, that the newspapers, the other day, gave a fearful account of the snows being threatened to be destroyed by fire, or moorburn, somewhere about one of the best cultivated spots in the kingdom. The consternation occasioned by this danger, we learn from private letters, was quite distressing; the unusual value of the land and crop being such as to impress the people with the dread of an irretrievable national calamity, equal to the burning of all the one pound notes from Berwick to Caithness. The flummery palmed upon us in these plagiarisms from southern authors, is, as we have said, so cleverly compounded, that few striking errors occur in the adaptation: the chief blunder, however, is of a very whimsical kind. The compiler has mistaken some things for dishes, which happen to be recipes of another sort; and, with infinite drollery, tells us how to manufacture (as well as black currant jelly) liquid japan, and "refresh black veils," (evidently supposing that these are cooked like "black caps" of apples): in the same way she appears to think honey-water for hair, to be a sauce for game; and fancies that to clean plate means to leave nothing on it; and to take out mil-dew is to smuggle some sort of whiskey; that chopped hands, for which there is a *paste* (page 351), is accordingly an English pie, and cleaned hangings (page 348), another meat, something like an alderman hung in chains; which puzzles her as much as the idea of an alderman eating black negroes staggered Jonathan W. Dowlissen, when he so misunderstood his worship's affection for the black and green of turtle. In other respects, it appears that currie is set down to the score of farriery, glazing to window-lights, dripping to the weather, capers to Highland reels, and forced-meat to an incomprehensible something, respecting which the stomach of a Scotchman supplies his mind with no idea whatever. But one of the most ludicrous of all the compiler's flounderings, is equally unintelligible to the English reader. She is sorely perplexed about the Patties of

every description; and at last refers them, by guess and in despair, to the branch of Potted *chef-d'œuvres*.

With Mrs. Dods, the author, or rather compiler of the manual before us, we are not personally acquainted; not has it ever been our lot to stop at the inn, the Cleikum, where, it is stated, her culinary art is, or was exercised. All we can say of her therefore, is, that the biographical sketch prefixed to the volume represents her as an irascible and testy female, consequently, very likely to be a good cook:—she is further spoken of as rather well-looking, and we may accordingly consider her superior to a plain cook. These preliminaries, however, may be mere puffs of a pretender and anonymous incognito, for the purpose of making fools of us: and we may observe, that it is not the first time we have detected northern authors disposed to trifle and fritter away even graver discussions than are embraced in this performance. The press, indeed, has been employed by them for so many hoaxes, that we should not be surprised to find that pseudo advice for pressed beef and other compressed meats, was but an addition to the score. If so, it is to be hoped that they will be cured of this folly by want of success, and turn over a new leaf as soon as possible. They may be assured that the public will not endure too much roasting; and when once its collar* is raised they can never more show their braising* faces.

Having thus kindly warned them not to carry their jests too far, for fear of being hauled over the coals, we shall endeavour to do justice to the present book, by advertizing to that portion of it which may perhaps be viewed as somewhat original.

Every thing Scotch is national: and we cannot admire that there should be a chapter on what are called "Scotch National Dishes." At the head of the horrible compositions so designated, is *haggis*, the mere description of which is enough to do more to ordinary and well-organized bowels, than ipetacuanha, or the newly invented poison-pump. This infernal mess is made in a sheep's maw, and of the entrails of the animal mixed with suet, onions, salt, and pepper (see Jamieson's Dictionary, *passim*); but mark how Mrs. Dods refines upon the ingredients.

"*The Scotch Haggis*.—Parboil a sheep's pluck and a piece of good lean beef. Grate the half of the liver, and mince the beef, the lights, and the remaining half of the liver. Take of good beef-suet half the weight of this mixture, and mince it with a dozen of small, firm onions. Toast some oatmeal before the fire for hours, till it is of a light brown colour, and perfectly dry. Less than two tea-cupfuls of meal will do for this meat. Spread the mince on a board, and strew the meal lightly over it, with a high seasoning of pepper, salt, and a little Cayenne, well mixed. Have a haggis-bag perfectly clean, and see that there be no thin part in it, else your whole labour will be lost.

* Query Choler: Insects:—Printer's Devil.

by its bursting. Put in the meat with as much good beef-gravy, or strong broth, as will make it a thick stew. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat room to swell; add the juice of a lemon, or a little good vinegar; press out the air, and sew up the bag; prick it with a large needle when it first swells in the pot, to prevent bursting; let it boil, but not violently, for three hours."

Upon this abominable compost, the idea of which seems to have been taken from the witches' cauldron in *Macheth*, the author adds, by way of "observations,"—

"This is a genuine Scotch haggis; there are, however, sundry modern refinements on the above receipt, such as eggs, milk, pounded biscuit, &c. &c.; but these, by good judges, are not deemed improvements."

Improvements, quotha; one would as soon talk of chopping up and improving an Egyptian mummy for the table. Of Scotch soups, the name is generally sufficient; the principal is skink soup, of which we shall say nothing farther. Another is

"*Fat Brose* (thus directed to be made).—Boil an ox-head, or skink of beef, till an almost pure oil floats on the top. Have some oatmeal toasted before the fire, as in making haggis; put a handful of the meal into a basin with salt, and, pouring a ladleful of the fat broth over it, stir it quickly up, so as not to run into a doughy mass, but to form *knots*."

Gracious heaven! what stomach could possibly withstand this? the grease (called "almost pure oil," floating on the top of the water in which an unclean, fat, and glutinous bullock's head has been stewed, to be poured in ladlefuls! over dried oat-meal! to form *knots*!—we would not swallow one for the lordship of Gowrie. We strongly suspect that this is a specimen of the hoaxing humour to which we have alluded: it certainly displays a considerable power of invention and imagination.

Another of the atrocious national concerns in the victualling department, so bepraised by the author, is

"*Cock-a-Leekie*.—Boil from four to six pounds of good shin-beef, well broken, till the liquor is very good. Strain it, and put it to a capon, or large old fowl, and, when it boils, half the quantity of leeks intended to be used, well cleaned, and cut in inch-lengths, or longer. Skim this carefully. In a half-hour add the remaining part of the leeks, and a seasoning of pepper and salt. The soup must be very thick of leeks, and the first part of them must be boiled down into the soup till it becomes a green lubricious compound. Sometimes the capon is served in the tureen with the cock-a-leekie."

"*Obs.*—Some people thicken cock-a-leekie with the fine part of oatmeal. Those who dislike so much of the leeks may substitute shred greens for one half of them."

Friars chicken is dressed, as we gather from a note, with Friar's balsam, (page 52.), and, as far as we can collect from the mingled recipes, consists of stock and trimmings, storax and socotrine aloes, strained chickens and balsam of Peru, salt and frankincense, parsley and balsam of benzoïn, yolks of eggs and flowers of St. John's wort, &c. &c. As the materials are all tolerable, we dare say the pottage is eatable, if not relishing. We shall conclude with only one other of these examples of the favourite food of Scotland.

"*Sheep's-head Broth*.—Choose a large fat

* "The village of Duddingston was long celebrated for 'Sheep's-head,' and consequently a favourite resort of

head. When carefully singed by the blacksmith, soak it and the singed trotters for a considerable time in lukewarm water. Take out the glassy part of the eyes, and scrape the head and trotters till perfectly clean and white; then split the head with a cleaver, and take out the brains, &c.; split also the trotters, and take out the tendons. Wash the head and feet once more, and let them blanch till wanted for the pot. Take a small cupful of barley, and twice that quantity of white, or old green peas, with a gallon or rather more of water. Put to this the head, and from two to three pounds of scrag or trimmings of mutton, perfectly sweet, and some salt. Take off the scum very carefully as it rises, and the broth will be as limpid and white as any broth made of beef or mutton. When the head has boiled rather more than an hour, add sliced carrot and turnip, and afterwards some onions and parsley shred. A head or two of celery sliced is admired by some modern gourmands, though we would rather approve of the native flavour of this really excellent soup. The more slowly the head is boiled, the better will both the meat and soup be. From two to three hours' boiling, according to the size of the head and the age of the animal, and an hour's simmering by the side of the fire, will finish the soup. Many prefer the head of a ram to that of a wether, but it requires much longer boiling. In either case the trotters require less boiling than the head. Serve with the trotters, and sliced carrot round the head."

Amen! and we would rather say so to the grace after, than to the grace before meat, were we compelled to dine near any of these prodigious horrors. We would as soon sup on the tail of a highland chieftain, as the mutton, rumps, or ox-tails of Scotland, dressed Scotch-fashion: and of all cookery in the universe, (excepting cannibalism in Sumatra, and rotten blubber of the Eskimaux,) we pray to be defended from singed sheep's heads, fat brose, and haggises.

It may be observed, that the people amongst whom such atrocities of appetite and violations of the internal man are perpetrated, have called their country, *inter alia*, the *Land of Cakes*. The dubious import of this title can exist no longer, since we now know on what they feed; and it is painful to learn from this volume, that the natives have been for centuries so accustomed to starvation and want, that they have spirit to turn their sufferings into a jest. Will it be credited, in this land of abundance, that they jocularly designate their greatest luxury in bread "short-bread," on account of the miserably small quantity which is annually produced for human consumption! But so it is; and the poor wretches are glad to sustain life on old mutton, red deer, grouse, black-cocks, ptarmigan, wild-ducks, geese, salmon, whiskey, or, indeed, any thing of the sort which they can catch.

P.S. A friend who has lately been in Scotland, upon reading our review, assures us that since steam-packets were invented, so many of the excellent English and French receipts for the *cuisine* have been carried into the north, and practised there upon delightfully fresh materials (naturalized and indigenous), that good living is to be found in perfection among the so lately barbarous natives; and that, in his opinion, even the most perfect

the frugal citizens of Edinburgh. Sheep's-head clubs were not unfrequent throughout the country, and "The Tup's-head Dinner," about Michaelmas-day, is still a high festival with the dignitaries in certain of our royal burghs."

gourmet* amongst us might learn to enjoy new pleasures of palate and taste, by mixing with the recent savages. As he is a person of veracity, we are inclined to recommend Mrs. Dod's cookery as a work from which something may be learnt: though it is disfigured by the word "economy," an abomination which we trust no national habits or feelings will induce our Caledonian friends to retain in their kitchens.

The Crazy Maid of Venice, and other Poems.
By the Author of "Guiseppeino." 8vo.
pp. 120. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

WITH *Guiseppeino* we were much pleased, and in our *Gazettes* of November 17th and 24th, 1821, not only expressed that feeling, but justified it by copious extracts, and even went so far as to compare it with *Beppo*, and hint that it might have proceeded from the same pen. The denial and equivocation to which this led are, we dare say, by this time utterly forgotten. We shall, therefore, introduce the author again. *The Crazy Maid of Venice* is a pathetic love-lorn story of a forsaken girl, who is confined as a maniac, and, with considerable talent, forces us to say that the writer is not so happy in his serious as in his lively mood. The theme opens thus:—

"How oft the mid-day beam hath blazed
Against these anxious, straining eyes,
While through the narrow bars I've gazed,
With hope that's hourly born and dies:
Gazed, from the faintest dawn of light,
Along those waters,—till my sight
Has ached in dimness, and no tear
Would flow within this prison drear:
These thick walls check my very sighs
That still in straighten'd gasps arise:—
Gazed on, through all the live-long hours,
Till every star of heaven was seen,
Like noiseless drops of diamond-showers,
O'er all that waveless depth serene:
Till once again, the happy voices
Of those whom Love had gather'd there,
In fairy galleys, far and near,
Seem'd well-nigh joyous to mine ear,
And each sweet song stole through my heart,
As when I, too, had borne a part:—
For many a youthful band rejoices,
Along those shores, when eve is come:
While I, from out my living tomb,
Far worse than dead, can still behold
The gentle reign of young delight,
Remembering years of swifter flight.
Long centuries, methinks, have roll'd
Between that time and this which sees
Me captive to all miseries.
'Tis strange,—but I, too, once could glide
O'er that fresh wave at even-tide,
With him.—Oh! had I then but died!
Oh! that I should remember bliss,
Through hours, and days, and years like this,
And know that once have beam'd on me
Days such as never should have set,
But grown to an eternity,
When feelings all immortal seem'd,
And all our thoughts with sun-light teem'd!
Yes! others may, at length, forget:
But those dead hopes all haunt me still,
Without the kindly power to kill:
Still their too-mortal prey am I
Without the power to die,—
A spectre doom'd to clay and breath,
Forsaken both of life and death."

There is much of poetry and true feeling in this extract. The contrast between the drear prison and the gaiety without, as well as the recollections of past happiness, conjured up to add greater gloom to the present suffering, are well imagined. An appeal to the cause of all her miseries, Love, is also of a high poetical character.

"Love, by whose hallowing influence,
We break and spurn the bonds of sense:
On whose white wings we soar above,
Like native dwellers of the skies:
Whose birth-place was in Paradise,
That had but utterable joys,
Before the birth of Love:"

* He means gourmand. Our contemporaries are mistaken in fancying a gourmet to be a more refined gourmand:—he is rather the most delicate of wine-tasters.—Ed.

Deem not that I could e'er resign
This heavenly, hapless dream of mine:
For better is the despair of lovers
Than the best hopes the loveless cherish;
And through each day, each hour, discovers
How passion's truest sealots perish,
For ever baffled,—still I come
Proud of so pure a martyrdom."

The mourner is next pictured more in detail,
and, in our opinion, not with so much success.

"Mark ye the flashing oar afar,
Brighter than the brightest star
That guides the journeyers of the deep?
O welcome long-expected friends!
Haste, haste ye!—Soon once more I'll weep,
In the free air: this glad hour ends
My most forlorn captivity,
And I shall be a sightless creature,
Most young and fair in soul and feature,
As whilom it was mine to be
A chattron on that joyous sea.
Yes, some kind spirit has come down,
And call'd the lingerers to my aid,
And grieved to see a wretched maid
With more than mortal grief o'erthrown.
Mark how they hither speed!—'tis he!
'Tis Leonardo's self I see;
Though distant yet, that form I know,
And do not err—it must be so."

This is poor; but it brightens up a little as we proceed.

"As heretofore, I feel the day
Brightening before his welcome way:
If he were dead, as once they said,
I could not thus be phantom-aid,
For spirits shun the ray.
How could I deem thee false, dear youth,
Thou that wast ever true as truth?
How deem thy love was less than mine?
Ah! hadst thou thus been doom'd to pine,
One day, within a den like this,
I would have dared all deaths to cope.
Thy prison gate, and bring thee hope—
But now we'll only speak of bliss,
Less winged bliss, less fleeting cheer,
Than seem'd to smile for us, whilere."

The concluding parts present melancholy images, and yet, though natural, are too consecutive and rational for a "crazed maid." We quote them.

"Now their small bark is nearing fast:
My beckoning hand they see.
Come ye for me, dear friends, at last?
Come ye, sweet friends, for me?
Alas! though near, they cannot hear
The voice that has grown faint with fear:
They cannot see my heaving breast
Against this narrow window prest.
O thou too-languid summer breeze
Lend wings to words so weak as these!
Now they are gliding close below:
Ah pitiless! and will ye go?
Why bend on me that hopeless gaze
That seems to mourn my lot, yet says
That here I still must lose my days?
Come ye for me, dear friends!—Alas!
All silently away they pass,
Like thousands more to whom I've prayed,
Through many a year, in vain, for aid.
Of all that breathe none will come to me,
From this hour forth, to there for me,
'Twas fancy's mocking sorceries
That conjured up that image dear.
Thank heaven, at least he was not there!
Oh, 'twere a pang beyond all these
Had I beheld him thus past on!"

The finale rather falls off; but from what we have cited, the genius of the author will hardly be disputed.

The next poem is entitled, "The Might of Time," and smells of imitation. We, therefore, leave it for the miscellaneous productions, which are of very various merit. A score of sonnets are finished with a very indifferent one on the Holy Alliance, a subject unfit for poetry. A "Wizard Song," from an unfinished dramatic poem, is of a far superior character.

"By the shore of the sea, the wild shore of the sea,
'Tis there, 'tis there, I love to be,
When the storm hath past, with a harrowing blast,
Or the billowy wilderness dark and vast:
When the sea-suckers gargle
Their new dead to the foaming surge,
That flings its prey unto the land,
And smoothes their biers on the trackless sand;
When the dismal wreck floats to the shore
Whereon its crew shall tread no more,

And the mighty ocean heaves, as though
'Twere thro' with the long, long work of woe;
When the low winds breathe the knell of the drown'd,
With a most bewailing sound,—
There let my gloomy pastime be,
As one that fears not storm or sea.
When new-made widows,—maids bereft
Of Youth's fond dream,—and orphans left
Homeless on earth, and childless Eld,
Have, on the dreary beach, beheld
The ghastly change that death has wrought
On each pale corpse they tottering sought,
Or searched, through many an hour, in vain,
For the vanish'd that none shall see again,—
Shuddering at the sun that seems
To mock them, with returning beams,
And at the seas, now waveless grown,
When all the grievous scathe is done:—
Then let me roam beside the deep,
With watchful eyes that will not weep,—
Then let me human grief behold,
But not as one of mortal mould."

The "Song of Waterloo" is descriptive, and boasts of several powerful passages; but, for the sake of variety, we shall conclude with a different specimen of the author's style in

"A GOODLIE BALLADE of Sir Adomar, and of his faire ladye, with the greates love they bare eche unto other, and how that hee came backe from Holle Lande, but tarried not, taking with him awaie his true dame to a faire realm."

"Sir Adomar stode at his castle gate,
His steede is randie; his merrymen wait,
And his banner faire is spread:
For a holle vow that knight hath ta'en,
With lance and brand to cross the maine,
And that white banner scope to stalne
In Saracen gore, full redde.

'Ladye, when backe I come o'er the sea,
Be thou the first to welcome mee,
Or here I dwelle no more."

Then spake that young dame tenderlie:
'A living woman if I shall bee,
I'll bee the first to welcome thee,
Backe from the Paynim shore."

That knight hath hied, with the blessed hoste,
To rear the crosse on the Paynim coaste,
And to blode where Chaste hath bled.
For long years three, in Heathenrie,
He hath wielded swordes where the bravest bee,
And the boldest of them all is hee,
When weapons are reeking redde.

'Tis long, 'tis long, since tidings came
To gladd that well-beloved dame:
Her young cheeke waxeth white:
The mourner's weedes are her array;
But Hope beguiles her, day by day,
And manie an houre doth shee walche and pray
For her owne faithfull knighte.

From her castle-wall, at eventide,
Shee look'd o'er the wave, and there shee spied
A trim barke, faring neare:
But blacke, blacke were the sailes, I trow,
And blinde shee grew, for a space, with woe;
Shee look'd again in haste—and, lo!
No barke was sailing there.

Midnight is come; and, from manie a tombe,
The restless sprites fleet forth to roame
In the waste mooneslight rales.
From manie a sea, and manie a shore,
They glide through the night for evermore,
And seeke the haunts they loved of yore,
And walke their cartillie wales.

And the living who thinke upon the dead
Of wake, at the houre of midnight drend,
To be alone with Sorrowe.
Sir Adomar's bride hath forsaken sleepe,
Through these dim houres her watch to keepe.
Long hath shee wept: long may shee weepe,
Ere shee hailleth a joyfull morrowe.

Who knockes so loude, and knockes so late,
At good Sir Adomar's castle-gate?
'Stranger, who mayst thou bee?'—
'I'm a lone wanderer of the gloome,
And manie a wearie league I've come,
From a far lande, o'er the colde sea-foame,
With tidings, ladye, to thee."

'Ere the mid watche of this night is past,
Sir Adomar thou shalt see at last:
Thy time of griefe is o'er."
Shee stay'd not longer parlanche there,
But, blithe as wilde birde in sunnie aire,
Shee hasted downe the winding staire
To the barbian's narrow dore.

'Now, wanderer, speed; the gate set ope
To yon best light that brings mee hope,
Fairst greeting to him bee done."
The wanderer hath hasted to greete that knightie;
But when hee look'd forth, in the wane moone-
light,
Before the gate there stood no night:
Man saw her never one.

'Ladye, thy troubled thoughts have stral'd—
Thine eyes were cheest by a shade!
None have sought entrance here,
To her chamber lone againe the hies,
With tottering step, in woeful wise;
Full sore shee weeps—full sore shee sighs—
Her thoughts are thoughts of feare."

Now hark! againe, right soone, shee hears
That knocking sounde, with startlede eares,
From the turret window smallie.
Again shee lookes—again shee sees
Him shee had seen beneath the trees.
Is it a shipwreck'd man of the seas
That there for aide would calle?

'O ladye, haste! the night wanes late—
The dawne is neare—I may not wait:
Faine would I speak with thee.
Downe, with righte speedie step shee's gone:
'Be thou a man of fleshe and bone,
Or a spirit that wanders beneath the moone?
Sir knight say thy tidings to me!"

Shee spake: but none made answer there—
Shee look'd: but alle was still and dreare,
For the moone had set o'er the sea.
But shee felt the rush of a colde dampe blast;
A sad voice spake her name in haste:
And shee deem'd that by her a shadowe past—
'Saint Marie, rue on me!"

Her hearte grew colde as the threshold stone—
Again to her chamber shee is gone:
But, as shee past in there,
Shee was ware of a knight, in harness bright,
That went by her side: but his footsteppes light
Were not like the tread of a warrior wight—
They woe no sounde in aire.

On his stately helme, shee knew the crosse
Of the baron bolde that shee loved best:
And, on his dinted shield,
Shee saw Sir Adomar's blasourie,
The eagle crown'd, and crosse three,
In Heathenness won right worthille,
Alle in a blood-red field.

'Now hallo to thee, brave Sir Adomar!
Welcome be thou from the blessed warre!"
—'Halle to thee, ladye mine:
I have kept my vowe, like a faithfull one,
And a fulle riche gurdion have I wonne,
Afar on the plaine of Ascalon,
Beneathe the blessed Signe."

Hee raised his barred aventaille,—
Oh, how his cheeke was worn and pale!
Oh, how his eye was dim!
His comelie lockes were stain'd with gore,
And a new wounde on his front hee bore,
I wot that ladye shook full sore,
Then, as shee gazed on him.

Hee stoop'd, and kis'd her tearfull cheeke:—
Why doth that gentle ladye shrinke,
And backe, affrighted, starte?
Why doth shee sobbe and shudder stille?
Never was kis of kore so chillie:
His lippes have sent an icie thrille
Backe to her beating hearte.

Downe shee sunk, in deadlie swoone,
As one whose cartillie daies are done,
Whose blacke is the church-yarde moulds.
Her damsel, at the dawne of day,
Came there to wake that ladye gay:
But in a breathless sleepe shee lay,
And shee woke not, where they could beholde.

Shee woke above the starrie skie,
Among the saintes who dwell on hie,
Where griefe can never light.
There, Adomar his love did greet:
Sainte Marie, how his lockes were sweete!
In Paradise, when lovers meet,
The angels smile more bright!

In the abbaye-churche they made her grave,
And the monkes chaunt manie a holle stave,
As thither her corpes is borne:
But Adomar's clay, unburied, lay
On a bloodie plaine, full farre awy,
To the wilde desert-beastes a prey,
And by hungrie vultures torne.

For eche Christian man that lay there colde,
Fulle twentie of Mahoun's liquesons bolde
Were stretch'd upon that plaine:
But the bandes of the Crosse no more may boaste
Of a knight so brave as him they loste,
When, foremost of King Richard's hoste,
Sir Adomar there was slaine."

Having bestowed so much space and so much commendation on this small volume, we need hardly add, that it seems to us to deserve both compliments by the talent and ability which it displays.

Mission to the East Coast of Sumatra, in 1823, under the direction of the Government of Prince of Wales Island, &c. &c. By John Anderson, Esq., Deputy Secretary to the Government, Malay Translator, &c. 8vo. pp. 424, Edinburgh, 1826. Blackwood. London, Cadell.

OF the important oriental island of Sumatra, and especially of its eastern side, our knowledge up to the present date has been very limited. Marsden's history (which could not rescue the interior from the neglect to which it had been doomed, nor do more than hastily sketch the eastern coast,) and an occasional notice by navigators who had touched at various points, might be said to comprise the extent of our information; and it was, therefore, with great satisfaction that we saw advertised the volume which is now before us, and from which we looked for much new and interesting intelligence. Nor have we been disappointed. Mr. Anderson's is a straight forward and plain narrative,—the work of a sensible observer, who having visited the principal rivers and places from Diamond Point to the Siack river, tells us in a clear and simple manner what he noticed, what he heard worthy of credit and remark, and particularly what most affected the commercial views and future operations of the adjacent colony, whence he was sent, as well as his mother country.

The general result of his mission we may therefore briefly state to be not only important in mercantile and political considerations, (with which as a *Literary Journal* we shall meddle the less,) but highly to be estimated as making us much better acquainted, than heretofore, with the condition of an extensive island, rich in natural productions, and abounding in a population various in race, character, pursuits, language, and habits. Thanking the author for what he has done, we must regret, though we cannot condemn him, that he was not able to do more. We could have wished that his skill in natural history had been somewhat nearer in proportion to his other attainments: the field in which he was placed is one of the finest in the universe for the naturalist; and when we read the vast enumeration of objects which he gives us without description or comment, we are tempted to lament, that, instead of a commercial mission, this had not been a mission of pure science. It is to be hoped, however, that the judicious conduct of Mr. Anderson, and the good understanding to which it led with the native chiefs, will speedily produce this consequence; and that, Sumatra being safely opened to British enterprise, we shall soon acquire a more perfect knowledge of its choice and remarkable products in zoology, entomology, botany, and mineralogy.

Sumatra, called by the natives Pulo Percha, is divided, on the side explored by our author (the east), as well as on its western coast, into many separate governments. Some of the tribes have been (says Mr. A.) "settled for centuries, and have risen to power and an advanced state of civilization: others, which had attained the summit of prosperity, and were enjoying the benefits of a most extensive commerce, have, in the lapse of ages, and under changes of systems and governments, been gradually retrograding, and their power and authority are much circumscribed. There are others again of recent formation, and where government and character have not arrived at that stability, consistency, and uniformity, which we find in the more anciently established kingdoms. Some of the states were formed by emigrants from the

powerful empire of Menangkabau; others by shipwrecked mariners from the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel; by settlers from Acheen, Java, Borneo, Celebes, Tringanu, and other parts on the Malayan peninsula, Rhio, Lingin, and various other places; many of whom have perhaps been associated together as piratical adventurers, and have derived from the produce of their former barbarous avocations, the means of founding a flourishing kingdom. Great distinctions of manners and habits, and great corruptions of the primitive language, must be the consequence of such a motley assemblage of different tribes; and generations must pass away ere this incongruous mixture of manners and language could be moulded into one harmonious system." Large and numerous rivers intersect the coast, and carry such quantities of sand into the sea as to form the shoals and sand-banks which nearly cover its whole extent, from three to ten miles in breadth, rendering the navigation very difficult and dangerous.

Upon this coast, the government of greatest strength and power is that of Siack, to the king of which, the governor of Prince of Wales' Island addressed letters; as he also did to the other principal rulers "the Kejuman Muda, rajah of Langkat; Sultan Panglima of Delli; Sri Sultan Ahmut of Bulu China; Sultan Besar of Sirdang; Nunku Bindahara and Pangulus of Batu Bara; Jang de per Tuan, or rajah of Assahan;" and, after leaving Sumatra, to the rajah of Salengore.

The mission was performed in the *Jessy*, a brig of 75 tons, mounting eight guns, 12 and 6 pounders; and with a crew of 63 souls, as follows: "Mr. P. O. Carnegie and Mr. Brown, who volunteered to accompany the mission; Mr. Luther, clerk; Felix Narcis, steward; a Chinese draughtsman, Malay moonshee or writer, two Peons, and one attendant, servant, cook, steward's boy, and captain's ditto, native doctor, a pilot, a crew of seven men attached to the accommodation boat, captain, two gunners, three seacunnies, Serang, Tindal, Catsab, Lopez, Bandarry, China carpenter, and ten Lascars. There were twenty distinct races of people on board, and with the exception of the party of Sepoys, viz. a havelder, Naick, and 14 picked Sepoys, scarcely two were known to each other. There were Siamese, Burmahs, Amboynese, Malays, Buggees, Chooliah's, Chinese Chinchew, ditto Canton, Chittagong, Hindostany, Portuguese, Manilla, Caffree, Malabar, Javanese, Padang, Batta, West India Creole, Danes, and Germans." With this motley equipment, the Agent, in five days, reached Sumatra and began his inquiries, ascending rivers, and cultivating a friendly intercourse with the chiefs and people; but as the King of Siack is the most important personage, we shall pass over other matters to make him also the first in our epitome of Mr. Anderson's labours. Yet in the Siack country, civilized as it is represented to be towards the sea-side, there are still a few wild people, very little removed above their companions the monkeys, or the orang utan of Borneo.

Mr. Anderson informs us, "Making ample allowance for the exaggerated statements of the Malays, who are very liable to magnify, I am disposed to think, that 350,000 inhabitants is a moderate estimate of the population on the east side of the lofty ridge of mountains before described, and between Diamond Point and Siack, with its tributary and dependent states on either side. The statements of many of the Malay chiefs were far beyond this number, and I have therefore taken the medium of

several." "There are many situations on this coast well adapted for the formation of factories or establishments for the promotion of commerce. Siack, in all respects, stands prominent as the richest and most populous country, as being centrally situated, as possessing a sovereign authority over the others, and having a noble river, navigable for vessels of any size. Delli ranks next in importance, at which place there are many eligible situations for factories; the country is peculiarly fertile; the inhabitants, who have long carried on an extensive and lucrative commerce, are more civilized than at most of the other ports; the population in the interior, whose wants must be supplied, is numerous; and the river is navigable for vessels of considerable burden. The chief is also well disposed towards the British government. Next to Delli, Ujong Dammur, at the mouth of the Langkat river, may be mentioned. This would command the whole trade of that country, and the minor but populous states to the northward. Many other advantageous spots might be pointed out."

Coming more to detail, we are told when the mission arrived at Siack, where the river is about 200 yards in width,—“As the day dawned, we saluted the rajah with nine guns. We found ourselves in the heart of a large and populous town, the houses extending a considerable way on both sides of the river, and many mounds lying near the banks. The Tuanko Pangiran, who formerly had a contract for the supply of ship-timber, sent on board a present of poultry, eggs, fruit, &c. and invited me to meet him before communicating with the rajah. I learnt, however, from a person who came on board, that the rajah and he were not on very good terms, and therefore returned him a civil answer, that I should see him by and by. I should have given offence to the rajah had I made my first visit to the Tuanko Pangiran. After breakfast I waited on the king, and was received with all possible respect. A salute was fired on my reaching the shore, and one of the chiefs was sent on board to convey the letter from the honourable the governor. When the letter and the presents were laid upon the table before the king, another salute of nine guns was fired. I landed all the soldiers, and as many of my people as could be spared from the vessel, being aware how much the Malays are impressed with any thing like show, which both gains their respect, and intimidates the evil disposed from any designs they might contrive against the safety of the vessel. All the chiefs were assembled in the verandah, which extended the whole length of the house, and was fitted up with elegant canopies of gold and silk cloths, hung all round; and an entertainment was set before me, consisting of the greatest profusion and variety of sweetmeats, tea, coffee, sherbet, &c. The rajah is a corpulent, good-humoured looking man; but his face bears too evident traces of his propensity to opium smoking. I explained the objects of the mission; and, amongst other things, said, I hoped he bore in recollection the treaty made with Colonel Farquhar in 1818. He unhesitatingly replied, ‘Mana bulih buang Janji dangan Orang Engris?’ ‘How can a treaty with the English be broken?’ He said the Dutch had visited him about three months ago, and wished to form a settlement, but he refused. I remained about two hours conversing with the king upon various subjects, and he promised to inform me when he should be ready to converse with me more particularly on business, intimating that his purpose was first to consult with his chiefs. There was an

immense assemblage of the nobles of the country, and chiefs from many of the adjoining states tributary to Siack."

"The country was formerly very populous, but has been gradually declining during the last ten years: many of the inhabitants have fled to Rhio, Tringanu, Pontiana, and the numerous ports along the east coast, as far as Timian. I was informed that the inhabitants up the Mandow river are quite barbarous, and are dressed solely in the bark of trees."

"At three o'clock, the rajah sent on board to invite me to a conference. I found all the chiefs in attendance. He was dressed in a superb suit of gold thread cloth, different from yesterday; his kris, swords of state, spears, with a shield and sereer box, all borne by slaves behind him, were of the most elegant wrought gold filagree work—I mean the sheaths and cases. He wore a most magnificent pinding, set with brilliant diamonds of a large size."

"On the table were not less than twenty silver tea-pots, like Hooka Surpusses, the tops attached by neat chains; several very large goblets, and trays of the same metal. There was altogether a display of magnificence and splendour far beyond what I had been led to expect."

"I afterwards went to the Pangiran's, at seven o'clock, when a dinner was prepared for me in the English style. He sent for my cook and steward, who went ashore to assist in the ceremonies. We sat down with a large party at seven o'clock to a very excellent dinner, consisting of beef, goat, ducks, fowls, vegetables, fruit, &c., served up very neatly; a long table, laid out well, and the whole place lighted up with large vase lamps, and several three-branch plated candlesticks, with large wax candles. Here was an immense display of gold and silver also. The old gentleman being a Mussulman, I had a delicacy in putting wine upon the table. He soon reminded me of the deficiency. 'What!' said he, 'Anderson, have you brought no wine with you?' I dispatched my steward for some Sherry, Madeira, and Elexir de Garus. The Sherry and Madeira he did not approve of, and still less a glass of Hodgson's ale; but he very soon dispatched a pint bottle of Elexir de Garus, which is rather potent. I made him a present of half a dozen of that liquor, and a few bottles of brandy, which he begged as medicine; but from what I saw, he seemed to relish the dose so well, that I had no doubt it would be frequently repeated. This venerable looking old man acquired a taste for these luxuries when he visited Malacca, at the time of the expedition to Java. Music was introduced. A young Malay girl sung well. She was the Catalini of the place, and had a very powerful and melodious voice. A violin and several drums composed the band. The Pangiran is fond of collecting curiosities. He has several small ponds filled with fish of all kinds, which he regularly feeds; and he can always command a supply for his table. He has a collection of handsome and curious creases, swords, and arms of all sorts. He is also particular in keeping a fine breed of game cocks. He was partial to the amusement of cock-fighting in his youth, and used to stake large sums; but all these gambling practices he has abandoned. He gave me, in exchange for some presents, a pair of game cocks, a civet cat, and a goat, celebrated, as he informed me, for fighting. He has some fine little dogs, which are amazingly swift, and catch great numbers of deer. A single dog caught one while we were with him, which required eight men to carry it. They seize the deer by the

throat, and soon kill it. The Pangiran has an extensive boat-building concern, and his timber-yard was well filled with large trees of very fine timber. He is very desirous of renewing the trade in that article, which he has in such abundance, and of so excellent a quality. From the tenor of the Pangiran's conversation, I see that another revolution is in embryo. He seems a staunch friend of the English, and says he could easily make himself king in a day. All he wishes, he says, is to see the English colours again waving at Siack, before he quits this sublimary scene; and he proposed writing a letter to the honourable the governor, of which, although I told him I did not exactly approve, I would nevertheless, at his request, consent to be the bearer. He exclaimed loudly against the rajah and shatus for making a treaty with the Dutch, and shrewdly remarked, 'how can a man stand in two boats, or upon two horses, with one leg on each?' He compared the king to a young horse, without a bridle, that can neither be driven nor led. I was of course exceedingly guarded in my replies, and frequently endeavoured to change the conversation, as I had no authority to interfere in political concerns."

Again: "26th March (says Mr. A.); I have been detained two days longer than I expected. This morning was occupied in preparing the vessel for our departure, and receiving farewell visits of ceremony from all the principal chiefs of Siack. The cabin was covered with carpets, the seats with scarlet cloth, all the people neatly dressed, and we made as good an appearance as possible, considering the confined and crowded state of the vessel. At nine o'clock, the four datus came on board, and were received with due honours, and a salute of five guns. Precisely at noon, the rajah sent notice of his approach, and he shortly afterwards came on board. A large retinue of well-dressed people completely covered the deck. His boat was pulled by fourteen oars, with a yellow flag (the emblem of royalty), a silk awning, and a number of large umbrellas. Four of his attendants were dressed in scarlet broad cloth; four others with rich gold scarfs over their shoulders, with the swords of state in their hands. Another, richly attired, bore a large gold betel box, and another the handsome gold shield set with diamonds. The king was even more splendidly habited than I had yet seen him. He was in fact like one beautiful sheet of embossed gold. He was saluted with nine guns, and remained a full hour, amusing himself with pictures and books. I showed him a Malay Bible, for which he expressed a desire, and I gave it to him, writing on the title page, agreeably to his request, that it was given to him as a token of friendship. He particularly desired me to remember that the Dutch had invited him twice on board their vessel; but he refused, and said to me, 'because I have a great friendship for Mr. Anderson, and respect for the English, I have come to see you on board.' About half an hour after returning ashore, the letter was sent on board, inclosed, as usual, in a yellow silk bag; a small parcel in yellow cloth, and a slave boy. The latter I could not decline receiving; and I therefore made the little fellow as comfortable as possible, knowing he would be emancipated, according to custom, immediately on his arrival at Pinang, where his condition would be much better than at Siack. The letter was borne on a silver salver, and a large umbrella over it, with the same attendants who accompanied the rajah. He had previously sent me notice to prepare a salute of nine guns and a

few rounds of musketry, on its reaching the vessel; and on its leaving the shore, a salute of nine guns was fired from his guns. Being minute in complying with all their particular ceremonies, I received the letter at the gangway, all the escort being drawn up, and the drum beating. A salute of nine guns and three rounds of musketry were then fired; and as the people stepped into their boat, the fore-sail was loosed, the anchor instantly hove up, and a strong tide and gentle breeze swept us round the first reach, when we were out of sight in a few minutes."

"After the vessel had got a little way down the river, a boat came off, loaded with dried rice, eggs, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, and plantains. The tops, and every creek and corner of the vessel, were filled."

"They pursued us, indeed, with civilities to the last. The reception I met with at this place has made an impression upon my mind which will not easily be effaced. I never met anywhere with a more hearty welcome, all the people vying with each other in their kindly offices. How different was the treatment I actually experienced, compared with what I anticipated! I expected to meet with a savage race of pirates, who would receive me with jealousy and distrust. I must describe them, however, as I found them, hospitable and generous. This general good character is of course liable to some exceptions. The Panglima Besar bears a most infamous character. He was lately guilty of a most atrocious act (only 20 days ago), in wantonly stabbing the China captain at Bukit Batu, where the Chinese residents are numerous. Some time ago also, he put the Bindahara to death. He is a desperate, cunning looking fellow, about 32, always elegantly dressed. My Malay pilot, who knows him well, and has often been at Siack, says the Panglima Besar has killed so many men, that their eyes alone would fill a chupah measure; thus describing, in his fanciful way, the extent of this man's murders. He kills a man for the most trifling provocation, and has acquired so much power in the place, that even the king dare not remonstrate. A few years ago he was a daring pirate, and infested the straits; but on one occasion, some gunpowder exploding during the action, he was severely hurt. He barely escaped with his life, and made an oath that he would not go to sea again. Tuanko Long Putih, whom I have before mentioned, is another very bad character. One of the crew of the *Jessy* gave me a great deal of information, which confirmed me in the belief of his having been a noted pirate. Near us lay a large vessel called a *top*, belonging to Tuanko Long, which he captured a few years ago, from some Chinese belonging to Java. The vessel was loaded with rice, and fell into Tuanko Long's hands in the straits of Drion, after a hard fought action; and soon after he had captured a brig, which happened to ground in these straits. One of his Panglimas and two other people were killed in the engagement, and he in return coolly butchered the Chinese *noquedah*, writer, and another man, after their arrival at Siack, at the old fort. The whole crew, 22 in number, were kept some time in slavery, but by degrees made their escape in small boats to Malacca."

Conclusion next week.

An Edict of Dioclesian, Fixing a Maximum of Prices throughout the Roman Empire, A.D. 303. Pp. 42. London, 1826. J. Murray.

We do not hesitate to consider this to be the most curious document of the kind which has

been preserved to us from ancient times and Roman history. Printed uniformly by Colonel Leake, so as to bind up with the Appendix to his valuable *Tour in Asia Minor*, it is, nevertheless, of extreme interest as a separate publication. Soon after the appearance of the work to which we have alluded, Mr. W. Bankes presented lithographic copies of the Latin Inscription of Stratoniceia, (now Eskihissar, and described in its pages 229 and 239,) to the British Museum, and the University of Cambridge; and about the same time Mr. L. Vescovali, of Rome, brought to this country the tracing of a Latin inscription, from a stone in the possession of a gentleman at Aix, in Savoy, who had been travelling in the Levant; but without specifying precisely where the stone was found. These two inscriptions turn out to be identical, viz. copies of an edict of Dioclesian for regulating, by fixing a maximum, the prices of commodities of every sort, labour, &c. &c. throughout the Roman dominions, above fifteen hundred years ago. The one happily enables Colonel Leake to fill up the *lacuna* of the other; and with his usual skill and discretion he has, from the two together, produced an almost perfect transcript of this singular and extraordinary antiquity. The Inscription of Stratoniceia is upon the marble wall of a prostyle edifice, probably the Court-house, where the imperial decree was no doubt affixed for the guidance of the people, and the rule by which disputes were to be determined. Though we do not know whence the other stone was taken, it may fairly be presumed that it was set up for a similar purpose, in the distant and remote part of the empire where it was discovered in our day.

It may not be unacceptable to many of our readers that we should notice some of the items in this remarkable decree, and the prices beyond which, even in time of the utmost scarcity, they must not be sold.

Conditum, a wine medicated with various ingredients, is fixed at twenty-four denarii* the sextarius.†

Aspinthum, wine medicated with wormwood, a beverage still generally sold in France, 20 denarii; and *rosatum*, an infusion of roses in wine, the same price. Salt was also medicated with drugs like wine. *Vinegar*, and the best *liquamen*, a pickle made of fish, are equally 6 denarii the sextarius; the best honey 40, second-best 20, and palm honey 8. Pork is 12 denarii the pound, (about three-quarters of a pound avoirdupois,) beef 8, and goat's flesh or mutton 8. The *vulva*, or udder of a sow pig, a favourite dish,‡ is fixed at 24 denarii the pound; and *sumen*, the udder of a breeding sow at 20, while *fistum*, or hog's liver enlarged by fattening, is 16. The bacon-hams are of Westphalia or the Cerdagne, (Menapice vel Cerritane), and the country of the Marsi, (Marsice).|| A fatted cock-pheasant is no less than 250 denarii, and a wild one 125; the hens severally 200 and 100. A fat goose also 200, and a goose not fatted 100; chickens 60, partridge 30, turtle dove 16; thrushes, wood-pigeons, grouse (Attagen), duck, hare, rabbit, quails,

starlings, are also noted,—a hare being 150 denarii, and a duck or rabbit 40. We have next wild boar's flesh, stag, buck, doe, sucking pig, and kid. In fish, the deep water is rated much higher than the rest, or than river fish. Oysters are 100 denarii the hundred, and sea-urchins 50; the latter were eat in a variety of ways. Dry cheese is mentioned, and among the vegetables are artichokes, endives, mallows, lettuce, cauliflower, cabbage sprouts, onions, leeks, beet root, radishes, turnips, water-cresses, garlick, capers, gourds, cucumbers, melons, kidney-beans, asparagus (garden and wild), parsnips, sprouts of *butcher's broom*, shoots of the palm or date tree, and bulbs of Africa, supposed to be a species of the squill. *Snails* are 4 denarii for twenty of the first quality; second rate, same cost for forty. Among the fruits we observe *hard grapes*, (bumastæ,) dried plums from Damascus, and Mattian* apples.

The wages of labour are nominally extremely high. The agricultural labourer is fixed at 25 denarii per diem; stonemason, coachmaker, baker, ironsmith, &c. 50; the worker in mosaic, and shipwright in sea-vessels, 60; the wall-painter, 70; the figure painter, 150; the poor brick-makers have only 2, and sometimes to provide *their own wine*! The driver of a camel, ass, or mule of burthen, and a shepherd, are at 20, with their food. A veterinary surgeon is at 6, for cutting the hair and hoofs of an animal, and for combing and cleansing the head 20; while a barber has but 2 for trimming a man. The maker of plastic images, with food, is 70 per diem; and other labourers, in other plastic works in gypsum, 50. A water bearer, working all day, with food, 25; and a scavenger the same. An armourer has 25 for restoring the edge of a sword, or polishing a helmet; 6 for repairing an axe, 8 for a double-headed hatchet, and 100 for the sheath of a word. Writers of manuscripts are rated too, but the rates are unfortunately wanting. Tailors and saddlers are also enumerated, and their works priced. A pedagogue is allowed 50 denarii per month for each boy, the arithmetician (calculator) 75, the notary 75, the librarian or antiquary 50, the teacher in architecture 100, the Greek or Latin grammarian, the geometrician, and the orator or sophist, 200. The advocate or lawyer, for an application to the court, in *postulatione*, is 250; and at the hearing of the cause, in *cognitione*, 1000. Servants in baths have 2 denarii for each bath. A Babylonian skin of the first quality is 500, a Trallian skin 200, and a Phœnician 100; a beaver's skin 100, a sea calf's 250, or made up, 1500; a leopard's ditto 1000 and 1250; a lion's, made up, 1000.

The rates of wheat and rye are unluckily lost; bruised millet, fine spelt, bruised beans, lentils, bruised peas, chickpeas, pulse (hervum), fennugreek, and dried kidney beans, are 100 denarii for one modius.†

Oats and hay-seed only 30, crude lupins 60, panick 50, whole millet 50, whole beans or peas 60, linseed 150, sesamum 200, poppy seed, cole seed, or mustard seed, 150; cummin seed, 200, and medick trefoil 150. Last of all we have the wines not medicated: Picene, Tiburtine, Sabine, Amminian, Setine, Surrentine, Falernian, and a sweet insipidated wine of Asia, called *carenum* moconum, 30 denarii the sextarius; old wine of the best quality, and barley wine of Attica, 24; old wine of secondary quality, and decoctum (a decoction of the

must of grapes), 16; rustic wine 8; beer, called *canus*, 4; and zythus, or Egyptian beer, 2.

These particulars appear to us to have a good deal of curiosity attached to them, and if we allow our imagination to work upon them, we may fancy, when we please, a Roman entertainment, with its dishes and drinks; some of the former certainly not likely to be much relished by John Bull, and few, if any of the latter, such tipples as he would condescend to patronise.

The Stanley Tales, original and select. Chiefly compiled by the late Ambrose Marten, of Stanley Priory, Teesdale. 18mo. Part II. to be continued monthly. London, 1826. W. Morgan.

WHETHER we ever saw or have mislaid the 1st No. of this new periodical, we know not; but it is only doing justice to an ingenious contemporary to notice that (Part II.) which has attracted our attention. The title we presume to be fictitious; but under whatever disguise the compiler may choose to appear, it makes no difference in the merits or demerits of the publication. Without boasting of very striking qualities, the general character of these tales (about 20 in 330 pages) is that of being short, simple, and agreeable. We select one as a specimen; and, though various hands seem to be engaged in the collection, it may serve very fairly to exemplify the whole.

"*The Mysterious Guests.*—About sixty years ago, two Englishmen one day arrived at Calais in the Dover packet. They did not take up their quarters at the hotel of Mons. Dessein, on whom the author of the *Sentimental Journey* bestowed such celebrity, but went to an obscure inn, kept by a man of the name of Du Long. They desired to have his best apartments, spent a great deal of money, relished the produce of his wretched kitchen, and thought his adulterated wine perfectly genuine. From day to day Du Long supposed they would continue their journey, and proceed to the capital; for that they had come merely to see Calais was an idea too absurd to enter any body's head. But so far from continuing their journey, and proceeding to the capital, they did not even inspect what was worth seeing at Calais; for, except going out now and then to shoot snipes, they kept close at home, eating, drinking, and doing nothing. 'They may be spies,' thought the host, 'or runaways, or fools. No matter: what is that to me? They pay honestly.' When he was sitting in an evening over a pint with his neighbour and relation, the grocer, they used to rack their brains about the mysterious guests. 'They are spies,' said the grocer; 'one of them squints with his left eye.' 'A man may squint, without being a spy,' rejoined the host: 'I should take them for runaways, for they read all my newspapers, probably for the sake of advertisements.' His kinsman then assured him that all Englishmen spend at least a twelfth part of their lives in reading newspapers. The conclusion to which they generally came was, that as the said foreigners were apparently neither spies nor runaways, they could not possibly be any thing else than fools. Here the matter rested. In this opinion Du Long was still more confirmed when, at the end of a few weeks, one of his guests, an elderly man, thus addressed him:—'Landlord,' said he, 'we like your house; and if you will acquiesce in a certain whim, it is probable that we might continue for a long time to spend our money with you.' 'Your honours have only to give your commands; and

* The *denarius* seems to have been sadly depreciated in the age of Dioclesian: indeed the value of Roman money varied so much at different times, as to render any correct estimate of its worth very difficult. The *denarius*, so called from *denot aris*, because it exchanged for ten asses, was, before the time of Augustus, nearly equivalent to 16 English—Ed.

† The sextarius, in liquid measure, was about 1½ pint English: in dry measure not so much. Colonel Leake does not, that we observe, notice the difference.—Ed.

‡ Vulva nū pulchrius ampla, says the Poet.—Ed.
§ Thus Germany, Spain, and Italy, furnished the luxurious Romans with hams of equal value. Sauces of several kinds are also specified.

* Query, the present Hesse?

† A little more than our peck.

innkeeper is, by profession, the slave of all the whims that throng to him from all the four quarters of the globe.' 'You have, to be sure,' continued the Englishman, 'had a prodigiously large beast painted on your sign; but your house is only a fly among inns; it scarcely contains three tolerable rooms, and unfortunately they all look into the street. We are fond of rest; we want to sleep. Your watchman has a very loud voice, and the coaches roll the whole night along the street, so as to make all the windows rattle. We wake every quarter of an hour to curse them, and fall asleep again to be again waked in another quarter of an hour. You must admit, my dear fellow, that this is enough to destroy our health and exhaust our patience.' The host shrugged his shoulders.—'How can it be helped?' 'Very easily,' replied the stranger; 'if you are not afraid of a little expense, in which we will go halves, without requiring at our departure the smallest compensation.' Du Long, whose barren field had, since the arrival of the Englishmen, been daily fertilized with a shower of guineas, promised to do all that lay in his power to satisfy his worthy guests; but he could not help the rattling of the coaches and bellowing of the watchman. 'Neither is it necessary,' answered the stranger, 'Behind your house you have a little garden, though you are no lover of gardening; for, except a little parsley for your soups, I observe nothing in it but nettles. The old garden wall too, in spite of its thickness, is just ready to tumble. Suppose you were make use of this space to run up a little building, a sort of pleasure house, even if it were to contain no more than a couple of rooms. It might be supported by the old wall, by which means a considerable part of the expense would be spared, and the wall itself would be propped up. As I just now mentioned, for the sake of a quiet lodging, we would willingly defray one half of the costs, and when we are gone the building will be yours: you will then have an additional couple of convenient rooms to let. If, on the other hand, you object to our proposal, we must leave you.' The host, however, had not the least objection, though he thought within himself—'My kinsman and I were right enough in concluding that these people were fools.' He immediately sent for a bricklayer; the place was examined, and the Englishmen described what they should like to have done. Joists and bricks were quickly brought; three light walls were run up, the old garden wall formed the fourth, from which sloped a half roof; so that the whole looked more like a wood-house than a habitation; but the strangers were satisfied, and Du Long laughed in his sleeve. Two months thus passed in mutual content: the golden spring flowed abundantly, though the wine grew worse and worse every day. The two Englishmen very seldom quitted their lodging, where they ate, drank, and read the newspapers. The only thing that surprised the landlord of the Golden Elephant was, that for the sake of nocturnal repose they had built a house for themselves, and that now he very often perceived a light the whole night through in their apartments. He once conjectured they might be coiners; but as all the money they spent passed through his hands, and their guineas, after a most careful examination, were always found to be good, his kinsman and he had again no other alternative than to set them down for fools. One fine day in autumn he saw them go out with their guns slung over their shoulders. They told him they were going to take the

diversion of snipe shooting, and took leave of him for three days. The three days passed, and so did the fourth, but the strangers did not make their appearance. On the fifth, Du Long shook his head; on the sixth, his kinsman began to shake his also; on the seventh, this suspicious circumstance was communicated to the police; and on the eighth, the deserted habitation was broken open with all the formalities of law. On the table was found a billet, the contents of which were as follow:—'Dear landlord,—If you have any acquaintance with history, you must know that the English were once, during a period of two hundred and ten years, in possession of Calais; that they were at length driven out of it by the Duke of Guise, who treated them in the same manner as our Edward III. did the French; that is, drove them out of the town and seized all their effects. Not long since, we were so fortunate as to discover, in a chest of old parchments, deeds that proved that one of our ancestors formerly possessed at Calais a large house, on the site of which three houses stand at present; yours is one of the three. When our ancestor was obliged to flee, he buried his gold and silver at the foot of a thick wall, which is still in existence. Among his papers we found one which afforded satisfactory information respecting the situation of the building. We immediately repaired to Calais, and luckily found a public house on the spot so interesting to us; we took lodgings in it, examined every thing, and concerted measures to take possession of our lawful inheritance without exciting notice. In what manner we removed all obstacles is well known to you. The great hole, and the empty iron chest, which you will find under the wall in our chamber, are proofs that we have been successful. We make you a present of the chest, and advise you to fill up the hole, and to give yourself no further concern about us; all inquiries will be in vain, as the names we went by were only assumed.—Farewell.' The landlord of the Golden Elephant stood stock still, and with open mouth. His kinsman came: both looked at the hole, and then at the empty chest, and then at one another, and agreed that the strangers were not such fools as they had taken them for."

Adventures of a French Serjeant, during his Campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c. from 1805 to 1823. Written by Himself. Post 8vo. pp. 345. London, 1826. Colburn.

BORN at Sixfour, near Toulon, (he should have been born in Gascony.) Serjeant Robert Guille-mard, the hero of this tale, has condescended to give to the public a history of his warlike career, from the period when he was marched off as a conscript from his native village, in 1805, to the period when he returned to it in 1823, to become a retired philosopher, sick of adventure and peril, and ambition and glory, and willing to benefit the world by his views of men and things. Though Monsieur Guille-mard's papa was *Maire* of Sixfour, a place of some fifty odd cottages, we cannot help thinking that the son bears a striking resemblance in self-importance and egotism to P. P. clerk of the parish, who advised with the farrier, collar-maker, late exciseman, and wheelwright, in weekly council,—which the minister spake of to other ministers, and these again, so that "even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat;—more-over, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm;"

so that thus did P. P.'s counsels enter into the hearts of generals and lawgivers, and from thenceforth even as he devised so did they!! In like manner, besides other wonderful exploits, we find, from Serjeant Guille-mard's relation, that he was the person who shot Lord Nelson; that he accompanied Admiral Ville-neuve, saw him assassinated, and was invited to an interview with Buonaparte on that business; and that he enabled King Murat to escape from France, and saved his majesty's life out of the fire. These are, certainly, rather strong claims upon our credulity; but some people have the luck to be always in the very thick of every extraordinary enterprise and affair that occurs in the age to which they belong; there is not a remarkable sight which they have not seen—a famous place which they have not visited—a distinguished person with whom they are not intimate—nor a great event in which they have not performed a conspicuous part. Their accounts of these matters may not be entitled to the utmost confidence; but, nevertheless, the little *white*—boasts in which they are apt to indulge are often amusing enough; and if we are disinclined to pin our faith to them as fit to serve for historical bases, we are well enough content to swallow them for the mere pleasure of the gulp,—and consequent oblivion. Our author, however, aims higher than this, for he says, with becoming modesty (considering all he has seen and done)—

"Fellow Soldiers,—Several generals have written an account of our campaigns; but they have only given their own history and that of their equals. I have worn your shoulder-knot during twenty years; it is for you that I write the narrative of my military career; it is to you that I dedicate it. Placed in circumstances entirely similar, how many other persons are there who are well fitted to shed a new lustre upon our arms?"

We hardly think any other person could be picked out so competent to shed a lustre over the French arms during last war as the worthy Serjeant himself; indeed, he is almost a model of their success, for he was so victorious that he was four times beaten and made prisoner, and retired at last with a great deal of rodomontade about honour, glory, my country, &c. &c.; but miserably deficient in equipage, very considerably wounded and worn out, in the most lackadaisical state of spirits, and professing a full determination to pass the remainder of his life in obscurity, full of emotions for the past, regrets, philosophy, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. His style is something like that of his old master's [Buonaparte's] bulletins.*

* Witness the following details of his being taken by the Russians at Borodino. "We instantly thought of cutting our way through this corps, while the Russians could not retreat, except by passing through our ranks. The engagement began on both sides at the same moment, by firing in platoons. A number of our men and the colonel himself were killed. The major, who took the command, made us rush forward to charge the Russians with the bayonet. Amidst the confusion, embarrassed by the fall of the men around me, and wounded by two thrusts of a bayonet, I fell, and made a violent effort to prevent the eagle falling into the hands of the enemy who rushed on me, and threw it over the heads of several ranks of them to a group of our soldiers, who had already cut their way through. This was all I could do. Crushed under the feet of the Russians, overwhelmed by numbers, unable to draw my sabre, I could not get up, but was borne along by them in their retreat, whilst the remains of our regiment rallied in their rear. The heat of the action had entirely absorbed my mind, and I had thought of nothing but of doing my duty. It was not till I approached the Russian bivouac that my misfortune all at once presented itself in full to my mind. At the moment I had just been appointed an officer, but before taking possession of my rank, at the close of a great victory, thus to lose all the fruits held out to me by a decisive campaign!—Overwhelmed by numbers, and crushed to the earth, I had found it out of my power to die like a brave soldier, yet I had scarcely received a wound! These ideas tormented me during the night."

which adds much to the humour of his narrative; and we shall now make our readers better acquainted with it, for their edification and entertainment. In short, this book must be read as a romance; though, if there be truth in any part of it, it may perhaps be looked for in the extracts which we select, as being most probable, and describing such circumstances as might fairly happen within the ken of an individual in the station of the writer. Of his unfitness to treat of higher things, and of the folly of his statements, we need seek for no farther proof than is afforded by the account of the battle of Trafalgar. He, the pseudo-slayer of Nelson, tells us that he shot him through the *right* shoulder;—we all know that the fatal bullet penetrated the *left*. He tells us that he and the remains of the crew of the *Redoutable* were taken on board of the *Victory*—they were taken on board of the *Swiftsure*, which had the French vessel in tow long after the *Victory* had quitted her. Thus brought on board of the *Victory*, he might as well find, as he does, Admiral Villeneuve a prisoner there, where he never was—be appointed the said admiral's secretary—and arrive with him at Plymouth, in the *Victory*, on the 27th of November,—it being remembered that this 27th is precisely the day before the *Victory* reached Gibraltar instead of Plymouth, and about six weeks before that ship reached England at all; for we saw her anchor at St. Helens on the 4th of December, and sail again for London with the corpse of her lamented commander on the 10th. It is not, however, necessary to shew that most of the Serjeant's big gasconading stories are merely a tissue of fabrications; it is for his regimental pictures that his book will be read, and of these we submit our specimens. In 1809 he was, he tells us, taken by Guerrillas in Spain, and sent to the barren island of Cabrera.

"When we approached the coast, we saw the rocks on the shore crowded with people; I could soon distinguish the persons individually, who had their eyes fixed upon us, and seemed to follow our movements with anxious care. I examined them in my turn, without being able to account for the scene before me; at last a sudden impulse, which struck me with astonishment and stupefaction, told me that the men before me were Frenchmen, whose lot I was come to share. Many of them were quite naked, and as black as mulattos, with beards fit for a pioneer, dirty and out of order; some had pieces of clothing, but they had no shoes, or their legs, thighs, and part of their body, were bare. The number of these new companions of mine I estimated to be about five or six thousand, among whom I at last saw three with pantaloons and uniforms still almost entire: the whole body were mingled together on the rocks and the beach, were shouting with joy, beating their hands, and following us as we moved along. I supposed that the arrival of provisions was the cause of their running to the shore; but other objects soon called my attention; the ground a little way from the shore was covered with groups of huts, pretty much like those we are wont to have in our camps, but neither so regular nor so clean. In front of one of these rude constructions, on a pine-tree, about fifteen feet high, crossed over at top by a bar, was attached a man completely naked, and making the most violent efforts. For what reason had he been put there? This was one of the first questions I resolved to ask on my arrival at Cabrera. I shall explain it a little further on. The brig came at last quite close to the shore, and was fastened to a rock, and a plank was put

out for us to land. About twenty prisoners only were allowed to come on board, while a file of thirty Spaniards were drawn up on the shore, and were ready to fire on any of the rest who should make any sign of coming too near. The provisions were landed on the shore by the prisoners who were allowed to approach; I also landed, and in about an hour after, the brig was under weigh, and was speedily out of sight. An immense semicircle was formed round the spot where the bread and meat had been deposited. Ten or twelve persons were in the centre; one of them had a list in his hand, and called out successively for the different divisions to come forward, and likewise cried out their respective numbers. Three or four men then came forward, received the rations allotted to their mess, and carried them away: the private divisions were then made among themselves. I should not give a just idea of the manner in which the distribution was made, by saying, that the utmost order and regularity prevailed; it was more than order, it was a kind of solemn and religious gravity. I doubt if the important and serious duties of ambassadors and ministers of state have ever in any country been fulfilled with such dignity as was shewn on the countenances and in every movement of the distributors. Bread seemed to be a sacred object, the smallest morsel of which could not be secreted without committing a heinous crime; the smallest pieces, which had been broken off in the conveyance, were gathered with care and respect, and placed on the heap to which they belonged. I was busily engaged in surveying this singular ceremony, and took no share in it myself; I did not know whom I was to apply to for rations, which I had an equal claim to with the rest; hence I was soon left alone, for every one went off with his supply. This, however, I was not much concerned at; I had four loaves in my knapsack, two pounds of salt beef, and a bottle of rum; with these I could do till the next distribution of provisions. I wandered up and down the shore with a staff in my hand, and my knapsack on my back, and I was thinking of walking into the interior of the island, when I was addressed by some of the prisoners, and in a few minutes surrounded by a considerable crowd. The distribution of provisions had been a matter of too great importance for them to pay attention to me at first; but it would seem, after the staff of life, what they loved most was to hear news of their native land. I was overwhelmed with questions about the situation of various regiments, but above all of the state of France, and the affairs of the Peninsula. I told them all I knew. Several times when I was speaking of our late victories, my voice was drowned by shouts of joy, mingled with expressions of courage, national pride, and vengeance. All at once, an individual rushed through the crowd, crying out, 'It is Guille-mard,' forced his way to me, and eagerly embraced me. I had some difficulty in recognising him; it was Ricaud, a serjeant in the 9th regiment, like me, one of the survivors of the action of Ebersdorf. He had no shirt, and wore pantaloons of sail-cloth, cut off at the knees, and leaving his legs bare; a piece of a very scanty waistcoat, and shoes made from a collection of soles, tied round the ankle with strings, somewhat like the sandals worn by the ancients, completed his costume. As soon as I had no more news to tell, the circle was broken up, and the crowd dispersed. Ricaud took me by the hand, and led me to a sort of a hut about three feet high, which he occupied along with three others, and invited me to sleep there till

I had procured a place for myself. We took supper in front of the hut; I gave Ricaud and his companions the provisions I had brought, which we partook of along with a part of what they had received. We conversed for a long time; night came on, and we lay down on a small spot of dry grass that formed the floor of our dwelling, into which we could only enter one after another, with great difficulty, by creeping on our bellies. I was very tired, and soon fell into a sound sleep; but it did not last long. Towards midnight, torrents of cold water poured down on my face and body, and made me start up with alarm. A storm prevailed over the island; the thunder rolled without intermission, and a heavy rain, mingled with hail, poured upon us, while a furious hurricane blew over the island. The roof of our hut was made of grass and reeds, and could not hold out long against such an attack; it was soon pierced through in every direction, and the hut itself became a puddle, in which we lay ingulfed. The oaths of my companions were soon added to the war of the elements. To our infinite misfortune, the hut had been made to hold no more than four, and we were now five in number, and could not move without hurting each other. When discontent prevails, any pretext is laid hold of; one of my hosts abused Ricaud, and reproached him for having invited a stranger who had increased the inconvenience of their situation. The latter gave him a sharp reply, and tried to make him hold his tongue. They swore at each other for a while, and would not have stopped there, had they been able; but the hut was not high enough for any one to rise up even on his knees, and it was impossible to get out till the man nearest the hole had crept out. After a great deal of noise, it was settled that they were to fight next day. The rain ceased, and we again fell asleep.

"The sun had just risen, when Ricaud roused me to request I would act as his second. I was not in one of those beds from which one rises with reluctance. Our dressing arrangements were soon made, and as we had entered our hut the evening before head-foremost, and were unable to turn ourselves, we crawled out one after another, feet-foremost, resting upon our heels and elbows. After drinking some rum with Ricaud and his antagonist, I tried to bring about a reconciliation; but they told me that it was of no use, and both declared that the thing must be done. I was too well acquainted with military customs to make any attempt at combating a reason so peremptory. Besides, I had no great fears of the result of the duel; I presumed that the shadow of a sword, sabre, or pistol, was not to be found in the whole island; and I fancied that these worthies were going to have a game at fisticuffs, in imitation of the ancient Romans, to whom they already bore so much resemblance. But I soon saw that a determined mind will always find means to accomplish its purposes. Before setting out, Ricaud said that as he was the person insulted, he had the choice of weapons, and wished to fight with *scissors*. 'You know,' said Lambert, a corporal of a regiment I have forgotten the name of, 'that I am unacquainted with the point, so that if we wish to fight on equal terms, let us draw the *razor*.' This sadly puzzled me, for I had no idea of the matter. Ricaud was determined to have the *scissors*; Lambert would not give up the *razors*; so that they were forced to draw lots, when the latter gained his point. He left us, and returned in about a quarter of an hour with a pair of English scissors. During his absence, Ricaud had instructed me concerning the man-

mer in which they were going to fight, and the kind of duels that daily took place at Cabrera. Sometimes they fixed the halves of razors at the end of long sticks, and used them as swords; at other times they used knife-blades, razors, and sometimes even awls and sail-makers' needles. We took two sticks about an inch thick, and three feet long, and prepared to fix the razors on them. But as we had not what was necessary for the purpose, we went to the bazar to buy some articles. This was the market for the prisoners. It was situated at a spot honoured with the name of the Palais Royal, surrounded by ten or twelve huts, and containing as many stalls, some in the open air, others with a slight covering, with one end fixed to the ground, and the other supported by two poles. Here were sold bread, some salt fish, scraps of cloth, thread, needles, wooden forks and spoons; the various produce of the industry of the prisoners; pepper, twine, and other articles in the smallest quantity, for one could buy a single thread, a scrap of cloth no bigger than one's hand, and even a pinch of snuff, three of which cost a sou. I remember a Polish officer who owed nine pinches, and the shopkeeper refused to give him any more credit. We brought two bits of twine, and after fixing on the weapons, we hastened to the cemetery. It was on a hill about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Palais Royal. Since the arrival of the prisoners at Cabrera, they had uniformly chosen this spot as a place of rest for those who had sunk under their misery, or who had fallen by the hands of their companions; it was there that they also met to settle their differences in single combat. When we reached the ground, I again, for form's sake, spoke about making the matter up. When I saw they were determined on fighting, I told them that as I was the first cause of the quarrel, it was for me to uphold it, and take Ricaud's place. Neither he nor his adversary would agree to this, and I saw myself forced at last to give them up the weapons, which I had carried till now. Ricaud threw off his waistcoat; and as Lambert had nothing but pantaloons on, he was soon ready. They put themselves in a fighting attitude, and both displayed great coolness and courage. Lambert was much the stronger of the two, and my friend required all his skill to parry the thrusts that were aimed at him; the razor flourished round his head and shoulders without intermission, and struck him at last on the chin. He made a furious thrust in return, but fortunately it did not reach its object fully, though it made a pretty scratch on Lambert's nose. We rushed between them when blood began to flow; we separated them, and made them shake hands; as their wounds were not of much consequence, we all returned to breakfast together in front of our hut.

"When the French prisoners were first sent to Cabrera, they were accompanied by their officers, who preserved all their authority, a very necessary thing among men embittered by misfortune, exasperated by ill usage, quarrelsome, and always on the point of fighting among themselves. But they always preserved the same deference to their officers, submitted to their decisions, and offered no resistance to the punishments inflicted on them. The officers and non-commissioned officers were soon sent to England. The prisoners were left without control, but were prevailed on by some of their number, who saw the excesses that were daily committed, to choose among themselves a council to judge of their disputes, punish disorders, and provide for every thing connected with the good order and harmony of the colony. The

sentences pronounced by this sort of court were without appeal, were almost always very severe, and were put in execution as soon as delivered. Three days after my arrival I was called upon to take my place in it; the sittings were held in the open air, near the Palais Royal. We were twelve in number, and sat on stones arranged in a circle; an immense crowd waited round us, to hear our decision, and to put our sentence into execution if necessary. We had to try a soldier who was accused of stealing a piece of bread from his companion; this was the greatest and most unpardonable crime that could be committed at Cabrera; even betraying any one attempting to escape, though it excited more horror, did not usually receive a punishment so cruel; nothing could save a bread-stealer, who, the moment he was condemned, was stoned to death by the surrounding crowd. We heard the accusers and the accused, the witnesses, and his counsel, for he had one, who according to custom, endeavoured to prove him as pure as snow. Evidence of the crime was given, and the council were preparing to give their votes, the mode we adopted in all our meetings. They seemed to me in nowise disposed to indulgence, while I thought it very cruel to cut off an unfortunate being for stealing a piece of bread not weighing two or three ounces. It was in vain that I reflected that every thing is relative, and that this theft, so trifling every where else, might, in our position, expose the loser to die of hunger, and therefore deserved an exemplary punishment; I could not bring myself to vote against the culprit. I spoke in favour of the accused, who was very young; I mentioned his good qualities, which his advocate had talked of loud and long, and I concluded by asking, as a personal favour, that the council would incline towards mercy, as this was the first time I took part in their proceedings. I was so fortunate as to succeed; the criminal was only condemned to be exposed twenty-four hours on the pillory. The reader, perhaps, remembers that one of the first objects that struck my attention on approaching the island, was a man tied to a pine-tree; this was what they called the pillory, the punishment they allotted to all crimes that were not capital. The criminal was tied up on this tree completely naked, left without food, and exposed to the sun and weather for the term of his sentence, which was never less than four hours, nor more than twenty-four."

We will not answer for the fidelity even of these sketches, but they seem to have some verisimilitude; and at any rate will do to show our readers the nature of the production whence we have derived them, and which we dismiss without further comment.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

D. Junii Juvenalis Satire. By John Stirling. D.D. A new edition, corrected and improved by P. A. Nuttall, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 404. London, 1826. Thomas Ward.

ACCORDING to the plan here pursued, the text of Juvenal is converted into the natural order of construction; and a literal English translation is interlined with the original. This mode, first suggested by Locke and Du Marsais, is, in our judgment, less adapted for Juvenal, than for any other classic who could be named: it may aid the acquisition of the Latin tongue, but must leave this great satirist nearly as obscure as it finds him.

The crushing powers of his anathema, when "omne in præcipiti vitium stetit," can be but faintly imagined in literal translation; and the ten thousand allusions to existing man-

ners, characters, and events, with which so often the point and severity of his animadversion are barbed, evaporate, or do not appear, when filtered through this medium. We will take for example the beginning of the 4th Satire:—

"Ece iterum Crispinus! (et est mihi sæpe vocandum Ad partes!) monstrum nulla virtute reductum
A vitis, æger, solaque libidine fortis:
Delicias viduas tantum aspernata adulter.
Quid refert, igitur quantis jumenta fatiget
Porticibus, quantâ nemorum vectetur in umbrâ,
Jugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit ædes?
Nemo malus felix."

Thus translated:

"Behold once more Crispinus! (and I must frequently be called to my task!) a monster redeemed from vices by no one virtue, sick, and strong in lust alone: the adulterer despises only the charms of a widow. What matters it, then, in how large porticoes he fatigues his mules, in how large a shade of groves he is carried, how many acres adjoining the forum, or what houses he has purchased? No wicked man is happy."

Now the words in the parenthesis, "and I must frequently be called to my task," altogether mistake the meaning of the passage, which is a metaphor referring to the call of players to exhibit themselves in their parts; therefore Juvenal threatens to call or bring forward Crispinus often: "The adulterer despises only the charms of a widow," is unintelligible, without a note to say why; namely, that other motives, fortune-hunting, for instance, might be imputed to him; for intriguing with widows; but that he was so enamoured of vice itself, that he could not bear his crimes to be attributed to anything else but the love of guilt. Indeed, almost every expression in these lines requires an explanation.

Notwithstanding what we have said, however, and a number of errors which it would be easy to point out in this new edition of Stirling's Juvenal, we are ready to grant that Dr. Nuttall's labours may be useful in schools, and to persons who are desirous of studying by themselves the more difficult Latin authors.

Fairy Legends, and Traditions of the South of Ireland. Second Edition. J. Murray.

WHEN this neat volume made its first debut, "as we say in Dunkirk," we paid it that just tribute of praise for characteristic originality and national humour, which has since been so well followed up by its great popularity. We have, therefore, very little to do with edition the second, unless it be to notice the etchings, which are quite admirable in their way, and the performance of a young artist of the name of M'Clise. The eagle giving Daniel O'Rourke his "word of honour as a gentleman," with his right claw on his heart, is worth the whole price of the publication: as it is, the publication is really worth every body's having. We rejoice to see that Mr. Croker promises a continuation of these very characteristic Legends.

Charles and Eugenia. From the French of Madame de Renneville. 12mo. pp. 232. London, 1826. Souter.

WITH a sprinkling of romance, and a few instances of bad French taste, this is a very pretty and interesting tale for youth. It inculcates the moral, that by the honest exertion of our own energies, we command fortune, and that independence and happiness are the reward of industry and virtue. Some of the incidents are well contrived, and the story generally well told.

Hints to Purchasers of Horses. 18mo.

C. Knight.

HERE you have rules for the head, tail, neck, shoulders, back, body, legs, and feet of a good horse; are told about his paces; instructed in

his mouth; and warned respecting his vices (if he have any). Surely the writer deserves well of the public: and as we hope, through his aid, to be better mounted by all the bargains in horse flesh which we may make hereafter than ever we have been heretofore (the sellers having invariably taken us in), we cannot refuse him our good word. In truth his Hints are likely to be very useful; and they are short and easily remembered.

The Spirit and Manners of the Age. Vol. I. 8vo. F. Westley and Davis.

THIS is the collection of one year's Numbers of a weekly contemporary; and with a turn for moral and religious subjects rather than those of a lighter nature, it seems to us to be well deserving of public encouragement. We could not be expected to read it doggedly like a volume on one subject, but we are not afraid to say, from the *sortes* which we have tried upon it, that it possesses both ability and integrity: the latter grand desideratum is evident to us in its notices of new works, and in other instances, of which few persons can be more capable of judging than we are, in consequence of having had the same matters under our own consideration.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICAL REPORT.

"*Querere verum.*"—Horace.

"How long Dr. — has stopped to day!" exclaimed a little fellow, who lay extended on the carpet, without his coat, as we entered, a few days since, the drawing-room of a friend, whose wife is one of those nervous individuals who are life annuities to the family physician; and from whom the doctor was in the act of departing at the moment of our entrance. "Yes, my dear!" said we, taking up the discourse, and glad of an opportunity of giving a turn to the conversation, which might enable us to escape from the common place topics of forenoon calls; "yes, my dear! these are halcyon days.—Half of the shutters (addressing ourselves to his mamma), half of the shutters in Hanover Square are closed; not a pedestrian, above the rank of a retail draper, is seen in Regent Street; not a carriage in Piccadilly, save an interminable line of hackneys, roasting under the noonday sun, or the chariot of some forlorn Doctor or Apothecary on the look out for patients: the town is, literally, deserted; and its half-smoked, quondam inhabitants, the young, the old, the gay and the melancholic, are now scattered over the hills and vales, courting that health which they had lost in the winter's ball-room, amid groves and gardens; or diving for it in the briny wave, in every bay and cove from Saint Abb's head to Penzance." The lady sighed. "And for what object are they courting it?" continued we, "not, surely, for the enjoyment of the blessing; but to be enabled to stand another winter's dissipation: to bear to be again squeezed, as if passed through a flating mill, in the crowded at home; to dine at nine o'clock; and, after looking in upon a dozen of parties, to leave the ball-room when the morning is already advanced, and the light of day discovers that that which appeared to be the bloom of health, on the maiden cheek, is merely the rose which budded in the rouge box, displayed upon an alabaster ground of pearl powder." The lady sighed again. "Whatever may be their motive, I truly envy them," said she, "here am I, stretched upon this sofa; my nerves shattered; and my

strength sinking under the relaxing power of this tropical weather. I cannot move; and, if I could be carried into the country, what could I do without Dr. —? I should be dead in a week: for, suppose I had been there ten days since, when my old draught lost its effect, what would have become of me?" Here she sighed deeply; and raising herself, proceeded—"You know, my dear sir, ten years nearly have elapsed since"—We knew what was to follow, and, therefore, to avoid, for the hundredth time, the detail of all her complaints, misery, medicines, and an eulogy on Dr. —, we suddenly started upon our feet, and feigning an engagement which we had just recollected, although with the certainty before us of passing into a shadeless street, under the vertical beam of the meridian blaze, we made our bow and bolted out of the house. As we perambulated the heated pavement, we felt the truth of the poor invalid's remark, "the relaxing power of this tropical weather;" and began to reflect whether the seeming healthy state of the town arose from the period of the year, or the thinness of its population; and whether the cause which had elongated the visage of every learned leech, within the metropolitan turnpike gates, was not giving rotundity and a joyous expression to the beggarly chroniclers of pills and potions in the country; whether, in short, a mere transference of disease was not the real cause of the apparent healthiness of London at this period? To decide this point, we drew up a string of queries for our *Æsculapian* oracle; his replies to which, instead of his usual report, which, to his shame be it spoken, has been six weeks due, we will now lay before our readers.

1. *Is immoderate atmospherical heat as injurious to the human economy as immoderate cold?* Certainly not;—for although a long continuance of extreme heat causes apathy, languor, dissolution of the blood and other fluids and, consequently, may be followed by death; yet, the innate powers of the constitution are more capable of defending it against the injurious agency of heat than of cold. The natural heat of the bodies of all animals, is unconnected, to a certain extent, with the circumambient atmospherical temperature, and the body resists equally the influence of great heat and of extreme cold, for a short time; but the continuance of either, by exhausting the nervous energy by which animal heat is generated, and also moderated to a healthful degree, proves injurious; and the powers of life sink under long-continued excessive heat or cold, although, as has been already stated, not in the same space of time.

To illustrate this part of the argument, let us first suppose an individual, indifferently clothed for the season, travelling in the depth of winter, in the north of Europe, when the thermometer is forty degrees below the freezing point. Whilst he continues in action, and is unwearied, the powers of life are sufficient to supply heat adequate to maintain the circulation of the blood, even in the extreme vessels of the skin; but, as his physical strength fails, the nervous energy also suffers, less innate heat is generated, the circulation becomes languid, the extremities lose their sensibility, the impulse of the heart upon the vital fluid scarcely reaches them; they soon, therefore, either cease to live, or are in that state which is termed *frost-bitten*. If the individual still remain exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the blood, which can no longer be equally diffused over the body, accumulates in the great venous trunks, and, pressing upon the brain and nervous ganglia, produces stupor

and coma; and the sufferer sinks into a sleep, which is that of death.

— a stiffen'd corpse,
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.

Let us next imagine a European traversing the Great Sahara, under a vertical sun, when the thermometer indicates the temperature to be one hundred and twenty. If his head be not immediately exposed to the sun's rays, although he may suffer greatly from apathy and languor, owing to the exhaustion which the continued stimulus of heat on the cutaneous nerves produces, yet, he is relieved by the perspiration in which his body is bathed, and which carries off, in a manner similar to that of the evaporating process, the cooling effects of which are well known, the superabundant heat generated by the stimulated nervous energy within the body. Experiments, indeed, the most decisive, have demonstrated, that however high the atmospherical temperature may be, it adds no actual heat to the living animal body. The sensation of heat, therefore, which a person feels when near a fire, or in very hot weather, is merely the effect of the stimulus of the matter of heat or caloric, as chemical philosophers term it, on the sentient extremities of the nerves; for the thermometer, when applied to the body in that state, provided the individual perspires, indicates no actual increase of temperature in the substance of the body. The traveller, also, under a tropical sun, lies down, and is refreshed by sleep; and, as long as he can supply the waste of the perspirable part of the blood, by water, or other diluting fluids, he may continue his oppressive journey for weeks and months without falling a victim to excessive heat. It must, however, be admitted, that if his daily exertions be greater than his physical strength can readily sustain, the nervous energy is gradually exhausted; he ceases to perspire; the venous circulation through the liver becomes impeded, and the respiration being also languid and oppressed, a greater quantity of bile is secreted than is requisite for the purposes of the habit; and this, being taken into the circulating mass, operates as a sedative poison to the nervous system, and depresses the powers of life: a low fever is the consequence, and the individual sinks, undoubtedly the victim of extreme heat. Still death approaches more slowly than under exposure to extreme cold; his blow is more easily averted; and although the tyrant shake his dart over his victim, yet he "delays to strike."

In our climate, in which, fortunately, these extremes of heat and cold are not experienced, the summer is generally healthy, chiefly from the state of the skin regulating the temperature of the body; and moderating the stimulant effect of the external heat. We find, therefore, that the months of July, August, and September are the most healthful in the year.

2. *What are the immediate causes of the bilious attacks, as they are termed, which occur in very warm weather?* It has been already stated, that the languor, which is the consequence of the continued action of a high atmospherical temperature on the animal frame, causing the blood collected in the great venous trunks, in its passage through the liver to the heart, to be more slowly carried forward, a greater quantity of bile is separated from it than would be the case were the circulation more equable and energetic. So far the increased secretion of bile is accounted for; but the bile is also more acrid, a change in its

quality which may depend on an alteration in the components of the blood from which it is produced, occasioned by the direct action of the sun's rays, independent of their heating property, on the surface of the body. That some change takes place, is evident from the dark colour communicated to the skin; and it is not improbable, that the blood contains more free carbon in summer than in winter, owing to the abstraction of its oxygenous principle by the powerful light of the sun. It is this property of light for attracting oxygen, which enables the rays of the sun to extinguish a fire on which they fall, — a fact known to every housewife; and the same also produces the green colour of vegetables, and augments the proportion of their carbonaceous matter.

These natural causes of an increased secretion of bile, and of its more acrimonious character in warm weather, are further aided in their effects by improper regimen and diet. The same proportion of animal food, the same consumption of butter, and the same supply of wine, porter, and other stimulating beverages, characterize our meals at all seasons in this country; whereas, in hot weather, a vegetable diet, and diluting acidulous drinks are not only more proper, but are even pointed out by the unsophisticated appetites of children, who rarely desire animal food in hot weather. It is even stated in defence of this stimulating diet, that in India, and other warm climates, the natives use large quantities of Cayenne pepper and other spices. But, in employing this argument, the fact that these Indians live chiefly on watery, vegetable aliment, of difficult digestion in the most healthy state of the stomach, is forgotten; and it is easy to conceive that the stomach requires to be stimulated by artificial means, when sharing in the general exhaustion occasioned by a continued high atmospheric temperature. It is, also, well known, that the natives of warm climates are more liable to bilious diseases and affections of the liver than those of cold climates; a circumstance which may, in part, depend on the too free employment of peppers and other condiments.

3. *Is it not remarkable, that as nature has furnished so large an organ for the formation of bile and supplied this secretion so abundantly for the purposes of the economy, bile should prove so frequent a source of disease?* Not at all. A certain quantity of bile is necessary for changing the chyme, formed from the food taken into the stomach, into chyle, that substance into which the food must be converted before it can be taken up by the absorbent vessels in the bowels, to be assimilated into blood and the substance of the body. But all the bile over and above the quantity required for this purpose, and perhaps, as it is supposed by some, a small portion besides for stimulating the muscular, vermicular action of the intestines, operates as a foreign body on the nerves of the bowels, and either over-stimulates them, till diarrhoea or dysentery be induced, or causes spasms, or brings on that species of fever which is termed bilious remittent. As the stomach, also, is relaxed, in common with the other parts of the body, in very hot weather, a portion of the bile, all of which should pass into the bowels, regurgitates into the stomach, and, operating there in the same manner as an emetic, while, at the same time, the bowels are powerfully stimulated by the superabundance which they contain, cholera is superinduced. This disease, therefore, is, in fact, an effort of what has been called the *vis medicatrix nature*, or sanative principle, to free the

body of an injurious superabundance of bile; and, when the vomiting and diarrhoea are not very violent, and are unaccompanied by excruciating pains and spasms, perhaps the best remedy is simple warm water, or some other mild diluent, taken in divided doses, to dilute, and consequently mollify, the acrimony of the bile and to assist in its expulsion.

Improper diet and regimen affect the liver and its functions in other ways, also, than in causing an over supply of bile. Changes, for example, in the principles of the secretion itself are often the consequence of the free use of wine, spirituous liquors, and highly-seasoned food: it becomes viscid, and incapable of flowing freely through the gall-ducts; and, at length, obstructing the passages altogether, it is retained in the liver, and being reabsorbed into the blood, produces jaundice. In this case, like the scorpion stinging itself to death, a secretion, which is intended for assisting in the nutrition of the body, and consequently for the maintenance of life, now paralysing the nervous system, clogging the powers of the body, and tainting the vital fluid at its source, becomes the engine of its destruction. The necessity, therefore, of suiting our diet and regimen to climate, seasons, and other external circumstances, is very evident.

4. *What are the circumstances most likely to check the perspiration? and what are the consequences of checking it?* The most frequent circumstance by which perspiration is checked, and a morbid state of the habit thereby induced, is the exposure of the body, bathed in perspiration, and in a state of languor, to a current of air. Here, the first effect is to carry off the atmosphere, if we may so speak, of perspired aeriform fluid with which the body is surrounded, and to expose the open-mouthed, cutaneous exhalants, or, in less technical language, the pores of the skin, to the direct influence of the breeze. To attempt to explain the immediate effect of such exposure on the skin, and its function, would be treading on hypothetical ground; but, whatever it may be, the whole habit soon suffers; — a feeling of weariness and pain is felt in the limbs, the mind becomes equally weakened — the forehead is hot and aching — conversation and social intercourse cease to please — the breathing is irregular — the tongue clammy — and the palms of the hands are hot and dry; while, at the same time, rigours and chilliness are felt, as it were, creeping over the frame. A febrile paroxysm is already formed, which either terminates on perspiration being again restored; or it is progressively repeated and constitutes regular fever; or is accompanied with pains in the joints, characteristic of rheumatism; or with cough, and an increased discharge from the mucous membrane of the nostrils and chest, symptomatic of catarrh; or many other diseases may supervene, according to the previous state of the habit or predisposition, but all attributable to the same exciting cause, the sudden check given to the perspiration. If this statement be correct, it may justly be demanded, how can we reconcile with it the fact, that the Roman youth, covered with sweat and dust from their exertions in the Campus Martius, plunged into the Tiber, not only with impunity, but with a certainty of renewing their vigour? We reply, that the mental excitement under which they were at the moment, and the powerful action of the heart and arterial system, induced by their exertions being yet unsubdued, the immediate application of the cold water to every part of the body at once, although it drove the blood, for a

few moments, from the surface, was followed by a reaction, such as always takes place in bathing when it acts beneficially, which again restored the equilibrium of the circulation, and, instead of producing disease, insured health. If the Roman youth, however, instead of plunging into the river the instant that their exertions ceased, had sat down and waited until the sense of fatigue and languor were felt, the custom would have been productive of the most dangerous results.

In concluding these remarks, in order to be consistent with the title of *Report*, we may state, that, notwithstanding the generally healthy state of the metropolis for the last six weeks, some severe cases of fever have occurred; that small-pox, both in its natural state and modified by previous vaccination, has prevailed; that hooping-cough, measles, and scarlet fever, have not been unfrequent; and that more cases of dysentery than are usual at this season of the year have shewn themselves, a circumstance which can be attributed only to the continuance of the late "tropical weather."

Lothian's County Atlas of Scotland. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Edinburgh, J. Lothian; London, J. Duncan; and T. and G. Underwood.

A WELL-EXECUTED series of convenient County Maps of Scotland was much wanted; and we have satisfaction in noticing a work so well calculated to supply the desideratum as Mr. Lothian's Atlas. Each of these Nos. contains three maps, of about ten inches by 8, clearly and well printed—the roads distinctly laid down—the nomenclature of places, &c., easy to the eye—and the whole so correct and obvious, as to be sufficient for all the necessary purposes for which maps are usually consulted. Two or three vignettes, and a plan or two of cities, are added; and, as the price is extremely moderate, whether of the plain or coloured copies, the publication is eminently deserving of encouragement.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, July 15.—On Saturday last, being the last day of Act Term, the Rev. the Provost of Queen's College was unanimously re-elected Margaret Professor of Divinity.

On the same day the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—J. Stroud, Wadham College, Grand Comptroller; Rev. T. Wilde, Christ Church; Rev. T. L. Shapcott, Magdalen Hall.
Bachelors of Arts.—H. Willoughby, Exeter College; Hon. J. S. Wortley, Christ Church.

FINE ARTS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS AND ARTS,
FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.
No. III.—*British Gallery.*

VAIN as it might be to inquire into the cause of that degeneracy in the art of painting in England to which it had sunk in the early part of the reign of George the Second, it is nevertheless a fact that both England and Scotland had produced able painters more than a century before that period.

It had been said, and reiterated for ages, that though foreigners were the greater adepts at novel inventions, yet the English invariably improved upon them. This compliment to our *tact* for improving upon things, certainly, has not extended to the affairs of the *fine arts*, or we should long since have stood pre-eminent in one department of painting at least; for the best foreign portrait painters were liberally,

may, splendidly, encouraged and rewarded here, from the time of Henry the Eighth, and yet we cannot boast of English limners whose works superseded those of Holbein or Vandyke, not to name many others of distinguished abilities, who, practising here, afforded our native artists abundant examples of sterling art. Surely, then, the perceptions of our painters must have been more obtuse than those of our poets, many of whose works, fairly competing with those of the writers of former ages, left all contemporaneous labours far behind; at that period, too, when neither painting, sculpture, nor engraving, contributed aught to the honour of our national intellect.

The dulness of native genius affecting these elegant arts, appears to have been, as nearly as may be, coequal to the general apathy, from the king down to the cobbler, touching such pursuits. Painting, in particular, may be instanced in proof of this; for the public apathy continued, and general ignorance prevailed, as to the merit of this art, long after certain English professors had proved to the world, by their own meritorious labours, that painting was no longer a dead letter in the living school of science. Prejudice, however, which governed the opinions of those who might have been expected to manifest better taste, had much to do with this. The leaders of fashion, in matters of *virtù*, either could not, or would not, appreciate justly the claims of their countrymen and contemporaries. Hence the public, taking the dicta of these leading connoisseurs for orthodox canons of criticism, concluded that painting on canvass, like staining of glass, was a lost art.

Hogarth, *mirabile dictu*, was, even by the Hon. Mr. Walpole, his first panegyrist, pronounced to be no colourist! and Reynolds, even in the plenitude of his fame as a portrait painter, obtained no more than three hundred guineas for his *Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy*, and for a subsequent work, *The Count Ugolino*, only four hundred; though the first was purchased by a noble earl, and the latter by a noble duke, each reputed connoisseurs. The liberal encouragement which subsequently was bestowed on the arts by the late Alderman Boydell, a trader in the labours of his ingenious compatriots, induces us to marvel at these past events, and to resume our inquiries into the causes of so vast and so increasing a change in favour of the living school.

Amongst the many operating causes, we may ascribe the first, and principal one, perhaps, to the good sense and foresight of the patriotic band of artists who first projected the scheme of a public exhibition of their respective works. The circumstances which led to this, originated, as in many other affairs of still greater national importance, almost fortuitously.

The first public exhibition of paintings for the benefit of the professors, strange as it may seem, owed its rise to the Foundling Hospital, erected in 1740. This wise and benevolent institution very fortunately happened to be patronised by that high class who were supposed, in those more moral days, to be most prone to supply it with innocent inmates. Be this as it may, the institution was supported by all the lords, and half the ladies in the land: by the ladies, to oblige their lords, we beg to premise; for the most virtuous of the sex lent their aid to this charity, from motives of the purest benevolence.

Whether the painters, influenced by their usual waggery, with Hogarth at their head, blended wit with their piety, we pretend not

to say; though to contribute their assistance in giving eclat to that hospital for the reception of children acknowledged by no fathers, by sending the offspring of their genius which could claim no patrons, to so fashionable an asylum for the destitute, is tinged somewhat with the colouring of coincidence. The Jews of old did not contribute their offerings of gold and silver for the adornment of the Temple with more zeal than did the painters their "cunning works" in paint, for the embellishment of the Foundling Hospital. These recollections naturally bring before us the respective labourers in this good work, and diligent they were to the accomplishment of their object.

It is not even traditionally known to many, that for several years after the building of this hospital, an anniversary dinner was held in one of the apartments under its roof. A select number of governors and their friends were invited, and, amongst others, the artists who contributed the pictures were bidden to the feast. At the last meeting, now more than half a century since, the late Lord Liverpool, then Mr. Jenkinson, was present, who, in a moment of conviviality, mounted the table and made an eloquent speech. Mr. Taylor White, the treasurer, was in the chair at this banquet. Amongst other professionals who were invited, was the renowned George Alexander Stevens, he whose lively humour was wont to keep the "table in a roar," and who then made an impromptu song upon a question of adjournment, replete with wit, which he sung, to the delight of the company.

The artists present on this last memorable meeting were, Messrs. Richard Wilson, Wale, Haytley, and Gainsborough,—who had contributed the views of public hospitals in and about London, which were placed with other pictures in the court-room,—Hayman, Wills, Highmore, Wilton the sculptor, Allan Ramsay, also Handel the composer, and other distinguished men, liberal donors to the institution.

The recurrence of the name of Gainsborough feelingly associates itself with a recent event, no other than that of the death of his favourite daughter, the widow of Fischer, the celebrated performer on the hautboy, who died a few days since, at a very advanced age. We have just seen a portrait of her, painted by Gainsborough, about the period of this last annual banquet, whilst she was a girl. The picture, which is little more than a bust, is now in the collection of a member of the Royal Academy, who, himself one of the greatest portrait painters of the age, duly appreciates this graphic testimony of a fond father's affection for a daughter, whom, highly talented as she was, he unfortunately bestowed on a man devoid of prudence, and with no more intellect than his hautboy.

The celebrity of the four pictures, compositions from Sacred History, all appropriate to this charity, as, *The Abandonment of Moses when an Infant*; *The Angel comforting Agar*, *the Mother of Ishmael*, &c., besides *The March to Finchley*, by Hogarth, and others, formed together a very novel and interesting exhibition. These, collecting a multitude of persons to view them, by which the charity was considerably benefited, engendered the original idea of making an experiment of a public exhibition of similar productions, for the benefit of the artists. The thought was approved, and being duly matured, the first exhibition of the *United Artists of Great Britain* was opened at the great room of the Society of Arts, &c. in the Adelphi, on the

21st April, 1760. To this the public were admitted gratis, the catalogues being sold at the price of sixpence, to those only who chose to purchase them.

It is amusing to trace the progress of the arts from this young auspicious period, and yet more interesting to recede backward a few years farther, to observe the arduous struggles which were made by the artists, by the painters particularly, to obtain some public attention to their works.

In this retrospect, we cannot but admire the persevering spirit with which the founders of our school laboured for the attainment of this desired and meritorious object. Such was their zeal to shew to the nation the talent which they had so far cultivated, that the principal painters, almost without an exception, made a gratuitous offer of their united abilities to adorn the interior of any national building suited to the reception of their works. The Foundling Hospital was destined to be the theatre of their first operations, and the good genius of art may be said to have pointed to the site; for from this event is clearly to be deduced the subsequent prosperity of our native school.

The British artists, up to this period, owed much to the exertions of foreign professors, in their incessant attempts to form an institution for the study of the human figure; for although in every other enlightened country in Europe some academy had been provided for such a beneficial purpose, England had none.

In the year 1711 it appears that an academy for the furtherance of these indispensable studies was formed by several artists, over which Sir Godfrey Kneller presided. This, it is likely, was discontinued at his death.

Kneller's academy was succeeded by a similar institution, established by Sir James Thornhill, which was held at his house in the Piazza, Covent Garden. Here he provided a collection of fine casts from the antique, which, after his death, were very liberally lent by his son, Mr. Thornhill, to the members of the St. Martin's Lane Academy, at the instance of Hogarth, his brother-in-law. The friendly loan was subsequently bestowed as a gift upon this industrious and intelligent body.

The Piazza (improperly so designated) has been tenanted by a succession of ingenious artists, a more entire list of whom we may give in a future Number. For the present, we offer for the amusement of those who, like ourselves, feel an interest in such inquiries, the following notice of a certain number, all of whom now occupy a space in the Temple of Fame, proportioned to their respective deserts.

George Lambert, principal scene painter to the original theatre in Covent Garden, resided in the Great Piazza. His portrait is still preserved in the refectory of the Beefsteak Club, of which right English fraternity he was the joyous founder.

Richard Wilson resided over the north arcade, and there painted some of his finest Italian scenes.

Zoffany, (or, as it appears in the catalogues of 1762, 1763, and 1764, Zaffini,) occupied apartments in the same division, and there painted Foote in the character of Major Sturgeon, in the *Mayor of Garratt*; also Moody, in the character of Foigard.

Mortimer, for some years, had apartments adjacent, at Moran's, a bookseller, whose much-frequented shop was under the Piazza. At this period he composed several of his best works, and gave promise of becoming a distinguished painter, though his subsequent habits

of gaiety frustrated the expectations of his warmest admirers and best friends.

Pugh, a landscape painter, who was an early exhibitor with the united artists, resided here.

Baure, a sculptor, lived here too, at a Mons. Du Machous, as did also Handyside, an enamel painter, and Tan Chet Qua, the Chinese, who studied modelling under the auspices of Carlini. Meyer, the celebrated miniature painter, lived in the north-east division; and Clayton, a painter of fruit and other objects of still life, together with Dock, a miniature painter, resided in the Little Piazza, on the site of the Hummums, that part of the arcade being destroyed by fire.

Sir Godfrey Kneller resided in the north-west angle of the Great Piazza.

Many gay scenes which occurred over this arcade, in the apartments of Herbert Pugh, the landscape painter, from the land of Erin, with his countryman and choice colleague, Dean, of Florence, and that other prime spark, Hamilton Mortimer, we shall recount hereafter. These "uproarious convives," as Capt. Grose, who knew them well, was wont to say, "kept Covent Garden all alive." Master Inigo Jones, the *ancient Briton*! would have been delighted, could he have foreknown that he was building nests for such "rare birds" as these.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Earl of Leicester's Visit to Amy Robsart, at Cumnor Place. Painted by H. Fradelle (in the possession of the Earl of Egremont), and engraved by C. Turner.

MR. FRADELLE'S tasteful composition of this subject, from the romance of Kenilworth, cannot be forgotten by the admirers of the Fine Arts. Since its exhibition, it appears to have become the property of my Lord Egremont; and the present charming example of mezzotint-scraping has been permitted to make its merits known to the general public. Both artists deserve great praise for their performances: Mr. Fradelle for the spirit and beauty which he has given to the principal figures; and Mr. Turner, for his faithful transcript of the painter; and not only in these chief attributes, but through all his clever details of drapery, costume, and the minor accessories which go to form the entire of this agreeable picture.

Madame Pasta as Medea, Act I. Scene 4. On Stone, by J. Hayter.

IN the attitude of saying "Cessate intesi," we have here a very characteristic likeness of this admirable actress: the second portrait is not so striking, and there is a clumsiness about the figure, which does not flatter Pasta; though it must be confessed, that the original looks rather "dumpy" sometimes. The manner in which these designs (on one sheet) are executed, is free and spirited; resembling black-lead drawings more than lithographic impressions. It does the artist great credit.

The Cenotaph to the Princess Charlotte, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Sams.

AN engraving of this grand and affecting design has been made by Thomas Fairland. It shows the appearance of the small chapel in which the monument is erected, and gives an outline of the monument itself. We took so much interest in this work, and have so often spoken of it, that we have no occasion to say more now, than that the present is a fair representation of its general effect. Some of the lines are too deeply cut.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A WINTER FLOWER IN JANUARY.

DEAR little plant! that here amid the gloom
And chill of winter puttest forth thy flowers,
Why waste on dreary scenes thy tender bloom,
Norspread thy beauties in more genial bowers,
Where neither snows descend, nor tempest
lowers?
But all is teeming with the sweets of May,
Where cheerful birds sing through the laugh-
ing hours,
Making, with joyous notes, the scene more
gay,
And offering up to God the homage of their lay.

Unlike the blossoms that in summer skies
Alone bud forth, and shed their fragrance
round;
Though at thy birth the genial sun denies
His fostering care and warmth, thou still art
found
Raising thy hardy stem above the ground.
Bleak is the prospect, and the teeming earth
Lies fast in Winter's icy fetters bound;
Hush'd is all Nature's melody and mirth,—
The frosts and snows of Heaven the handmaids
of thy birth.

Yet do I prize thee—love thy buds to view,
On the drear face of Nature, opening blow,
More than the fragrant flowers of richer hue
That on the lap of rosy Summer glow.
Thou art like Friendship, that, in days of woe
And storms of fortune, comes to cheer their
gloom;
The smile of gladness round life's winter
throw,
All the bright promises of joy relume,
And cast o'er faded hopes a faint but sweet
perfume. N.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

'Tis sweet to sit in a lonely bower,
With jessamine, rose, and woodbine flower,
And clustering ivy-leaves made dim,
And list to the grasshopper's evening hymn:
To watch the stream as it glides along,
And hear the nightingale's fragrant song,
As she sits and warbles her plaintive love.
In the copse below or the branch above;
When the sun has set, and the day is past,
And evening's dews are gathering fast:
The twilight hour—the twilight hour—
There's nothing so sweet as the twilight hour!
Ah! then we think on the friends we've loved,
On those by absence and death removed;
And Hope, to soften our cares awhile,
Sheds on our hearts her heavenly smile.
Again we see them—again we hear
Their voices of music melt on our ear;
We drink of joy—we fondly rove
Over regions of bliss, on the wings of love;
And one, more dear than light to the eye,
Seems to linger around, breathing sigh for sigh:
The twilight hour—the twilight hour—
Oh, there's nothing so sweet as the twilight
hour!

Yes, at that hour when all is still,
Save the beat of the heart and the fall of the rill,
Then Memory's dreams can half restore
The tide of delight we may know no more.
That form beloved I see at my side—
I gaze on that lip of beautiful pride;
And who that has seen can e'er forget
Those raven curls and those eyes of jet?
'Twas at that hour we parted last—
How swift the moments of parting past:
The twilight hour—that parting hour—
How sad, yet how sweet, was that twilight hour!

The sea was heavy—the sky was dark—
The low sail flapp'd o'er the fisherman's bark;
One streak of light was around the deep,
Between the dense clouds and its faithless sleep;
The fitful breeze that came over the shore
Whisper'd my heart we should meet no more!
And the dusky shade of evening's light
Made thy voice more soft and thine eyes more
bright;

And though my soul on thine accents hung,
No answering words could leave my tongue:
That parting hour—that twilight hour—
Dost thou remember that twilight hour?
The feelings I felt I could not express,
And the hand I held I dared not press,—
I knew thou for ever wert parted from me,
By Fortune, by Fate, and by that dark sea.
Where art thou? Tell me—under what clime
Now dost thou pass thy youth's sweet prime?
Is thy hand given, or art thou free,
And may'st thou with innocence think on me?
Or dost thou through thy native shades
Wander with lovelier, happier maids?
The twilight hour—sweet twilight hour—
Yet think once on me in the twilight hour!
France, May, 1826. FIDELIA.

Sonnet on a Yew Tree in a Churchyard.

PROUD tree, still smiling in thy mantle green,
Thinkst thou that Time thy sinewy arms will
save,
Which yet in melancholy triumph wave
Around the spot where heartless Death is seen?
Oft hast thou mark'd the father's frantic eye;
The hapless widow left to mourn in vain.
Oh, that her sorrows could recall again
The form she lov'd!—The wild despairing
sigh
Of one who still upon the tomb would cling,
Where his fond hopes in beauty's bloom did
lie,
And every morn the sweetest flowers would
bring,
Just like herself,—so soon, alas, to die!
But even thou shalt soon decay, proud tree,
Time will not leave the smallest wreck of
thee. F. D.

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. JANE WATTS.—We read with sincere regret, in the Scottish newspapers, an announcement of the death of Mrs. Watts, on the 6th instant, near Durham. This accomplished lady was the youngest daughter of the late George Waldie, Esq. of Henderside, on the banks of the Tweed, by which beautiful stream her early fancy was inspired and nourished, and in more advanced years a taste for elegant literature cultivated, in unison with the classic loveliness and memories of that charmed ground, where the mighty Minstrel himself was first taught to love the Muses. To Miss Jane Waldie, who married Capt. Watts of the Royal Navy, only about three years ago, the public owe the popular work entitled *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, unquestionably one of the foremost productions of its class to which we have been indebted to any female hand in these times, prolific as they are of examples of female talent. If we mistake not, she had previously published, by way of trial, some clever *Letters on Holland*; and within these few weeks *Continental Adventures* also appeared from her interesting pen. Grief for the loss of her only child has thrown, perhaps, a certain languor over the latter composition which did not belong to the former; but still it is highly creditable to the abilities and feelings of the writer. Mrs. Watts

was between thirty and forty years of age; of a most amiable character, and with a fine spirit of intelligence expanded by foreign travel, which, while it improved, had not in the slightest degree affected those pure feelings and principles, that reflect so much honour on the fair ornaments of our native Britain.

MUSIC.

Sleep Lady Sleep; as sung by Miss Hammersley, of the Covent Garden Theatre; Words from the "Troubadour." Composed by E. Warton. Published by Sykes and Son, Leeds.

SET with much nature and sweetness, this *Serenade* is one to which fair lady might well listen in moonlit hour; but as there are no such doings in England, this very pretty song must be confined to the lamp-lit drawing-room, where it cannot fail to do credit both to the taste of the selector, and the merit of the composer, who, though young, appears from the specimen to be of high promise.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday the entertainments were enriched by the introduction of a new *scena* and *aria* by *Mad. Pasta*, composed for her by *Rossini*. The admirable performance of this accomplished actress met, on this occasion, with its due meed of applause. She sung with the finest effect, and we have rarely heard or seen any thing upon the Italian stage better calculated for popularity in England than this delightful episode.

MR. PRICE, the American manager, has, it is stated, stepped into Mr. Bish's shoes for the lease of Drury Lane Theatre; Mr. Bish forfeiting to him the 2000*l.* which he had paid as a deposit.

VAUXHALL.—On Thursday a concert, and other entertainments, were given at Vauxhall Gardens, for the benefit of the Spanish and Italian Refugees now in this country, and in need of eleemosynary aid. The weather was, unfortunately for them, unfavourable, and the attendance of company wretched.

PÆCILORAMA.—A new subject has been added to this pleasing exhibition. It is a view of Bath, painted by Mr. Nash, and taken from Bechen Cliff, to the south of the city. It is treated in a very pleasing manner, and accords well with the other pieces by which it is surrounded. In the view of Netley Abbey there is a great improvement: the moon is reduced to about half its former size, and has, consequently, now a more natural appearance.

VARIETIES.

Sculpture.—A bas-relief of the marriage of *Thetis* and *Peleus* has arrived at Paris from Rome; and the artists of the French capital (or at least the journals,) speak of it as an exceedingly fine composition. The moment chosen, is that in which the Goddess *Discord* throws the apple into the midst of the Banquet of the Gods.

Sea Wonders.—The American newspapers have got a new story of a sea-serpent, seen off the coast by a captain Holdrege. He says, it was about sixty feet long and ten in circumference, of a dark, dingy, black colour, and covered with protuberances. To keep this statement in countenance, a gentleman of veracity, in the Isle of Bute, asserts that he, in

company with two others, saw a mermaid the other day, "combing her fine black locks with the utmost deliberation." This worthy spectator assumes, rather hastily, from the behaviour of the lady at her toilette, that she did not heed "the presence of more civilized beings;" but it seems doubtful to us, whether she would acknowledge this claim to superior intelligence. To make the gruel thick and slab, the gentleman adds, that there was another large sea-monster not far off, with a body like a man, and the head of a brute!!

Talma.—The celebrated Tragic actor has been dangerously ill at Paris: the last accounts, however, are of a favourable nature.

The celebrated chateau of *Coppet*, which was preparing for the reception of the Duke of Orleans, is reported to have been burnt down.

His Holiness *Leo XII.* has presented the King of France with a well-known table of ancient mosaic (called the Shield of Achilles), in gratitude for the protection which his Majesty has afforded him against the Barbary States.

Fine Arts at Rome.—Whether Rome can continue to be a school for the cultivation of the Fine Arts, seems to be becoming every day more problematical. The Pope and a new sect of purists have begun a crusade against all nudities in sculpture and painting. Venuses must now be decently attired in shoes, stockings, petticoats, and high bodies; and the chaste *Diana* (the huntress), must cover herself all over with a cloak. Cupids are condemned to drawers at least, Apollo to nothing under hussar trowsers; and the Graces, Muses, *et hoc genus omne*, are recommended to appear in court dresses.

The Royal Society of Edinburgh, in pursuance of an interesting paper, by Dr. Brewster, lately read before that body, has printed notices, and caused them to be circulated, requesting that a series of observations on the barometer, thermometer (in shade), rain-gauge, &c., should be made in various parts of the kingdom, on Monday last, the 17th of July, at every hour, from 1 A. M. to 12 P. M. The advancement of science by making such observations, and communicating them to the secretary, Dr. Brewster, Edinburgh, will, we have no doubt, have led to many data. The number of observations collected from distant places is an essential object; the place being specified, the nature of the situation, state of wind and weather, and height above the level of the sea, if known.

Old Coins.—A mason at Boulogne last week, in digging a foundation upon land formerly belonging to the Abbey of St. Wilmer (where they are now going to build a prison—another "Hotel d'Angleterre," we suppose, as the inhabitants call the old one), found a bronze vase, containing 236 golden coins. A great number are nobles of the Paris Mint in 1496, and coined by Henry VI. of England, then also King of France.

The Emperor *Nicolas* has ordered the gold and silver coinage of the kingdom of Poland to continue to bear the bust of Alexander I., as "Restorer of the Kingdom of Poland in 1815;" on the reverse a crown, with a legend naming the reigning emperor, &c.

The Moose Deer.—The perfect head, (with the horns attached, and twelve teeth perfect in each jaw,) and other bones of a moose deer, have very lately been dug out of the bog at Killiney, in the county of Meath, Ireland. They were deposited at the depth of eighteen or twenty feet, and are of large dimensions, measuring as follows: head, in length, one foot eight and a half inches; horns, from tip to

tip, eight feet four inches; length of horns, five feet eight inches; and greatest width of the antlers, three feet one inch.

Velocipede.—This invention, like the Kaleidoscope, is already almost forgotten in England, though, only a few years ago, both were so much the rage. On the Continent it is otherwise. Maurice Rummel, a Hessian velocipedist, lately won a wager for the Prince de Leon, by performing two French leagues and a half, nearly seven miles, in thirty-six minutes.

Thorwaldsen, the famous sculptor, has been appointed President of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome. He is soon expected at Warsaw, to fuse the metals, and erect the monuments he has undertaken to Copernicus and Joseph Poniatowsky.

Truffles.—About the middle of last century, the Abbé *Vigo*, who was a professor in the University of Turin, devoted a short, but elegant, Latin poem to the celebration of this valuable tubercle. A better poet, however, than a gardener, his instructions for its culture were not very useful. A German, of the name of *Bornholz*, has lately published a treatise on the best manner of obtaining, artificially, black and white truffles, in woods and gardens. He advises the choice, for the establishment of the plants, of a soil similar to that in which they naturally grow. In speaking of the cultivation of the tender white truffle in Italy, M. Bornholz commits an error; the white truffle of higher Italy is never obtained by culture; it is found exclusively in that part of Piedmont which is on the right of the Po, in a district extending about 60 or, at most, 70 leagues from the environs of Mondovì. It grows only on land which is never irrigated: it is found more frequently on the hills than in the plain; and is gathered, not throughout the year, but only from the commencement of September, until that of the snowy season.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dr. Forbes, of Chichester, is, we are informed, preparing a Translation of the improved Edition of *Laennec's Treatise on Diseases of the Chest*; with Notes and Commentaries by the Translator.

Captain Maitland's Narrative, translated by J. J. Parnot, is announced among the forthcoming Parisian works.

A new Political View of the Life of Napoleon, by Al. Doyn, is also announced.

A Memoir of the renowned Dr. Meamer, and on his discoveries, promises to bring forth some curious matter. Dugald Stewart's Moral Philosophy has lately been translated into French, by T. Joutroy, a Master of the Ecole Normale, and Professor of Philosophy in the Collège Royal de Bourbon.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 13	From 56.5 to 68.	30.70 to 29.64
Friday 14	— 57. — 74.	29.70 — 29.79
Saturday 15	— 58. — 75.	29.83 — 29.86
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